Vera Effigies
IOHANNIS CLEAVELAND

Printed for Nat: Brooke at the Angel in Cornhill

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CLIEVELANDI VINDICIÆ:

OR,

CLIEVELAND's

Genuine POEMS,

Orations, Epistles, &c.

PURGED FROM

The many False and Spurious Ones which had usurped his Name,

And from innumerable Errours and Corruptions in the True Copies.

To which are added many never Printed before, with an account of the Author's Life.

Published according to the AUTHOR's own Copies.

LONDON,

Printed for *Robert Harford*, at the *Angel* in *Cornhill* near the *Royal Exchange*, 1677.

CLEVELAND'S

Genuine Pills &c.

TO THE

Right Worſhipful

And Reverend

FRANCIS TURNER *D. D.*

Maſter of St. *John's* Colledge in *Cambridge*, and to the Worthy Fellows of the ſame Colledge.

Gentlemen,

THat we interrupt your more ſerious Studies with the offer of this Piece, the injury that hath been and is done to the deceaſed Author's aſhes not only pleadeth our excuſe, but engageth you (whoſe once he was, and within whoſe walls this ſtandard of wit was

firſt ſet up) in the ſame quarrel with us.

Whilſt Randolph *and* Cowley *lie embalmed in their own native wax, how is the name and memory of* Clieveland *equally prophaned by thoſe that uſurp, and thoſe that blaſpheme it? By thoſe that are ambitious to lay their Cuckows eggs in his neſt, and thoſe that think to raiſe up Phenixes of wit by firing his ſpicy bed about him?*

We know you have not without paſſionate reſentments beheld the proſtitution of his name in ſome late Editions vended under it, wherein his Orations are murthered over and over in barbarous Latine, and a more barbarous Tranſlation: and wherein is ſcarce one or other Poem of his own to commute for all the reſt. At leaſt every Curiaſier of his hath a fulſom Dragooner behind him, and Venus *is again uneequally yoaked with a ſooty Anvile-*

beater

beater. Clieveland *thus revived dieth another death.*

You cannot but have beheld with like zealous indignation how enviouſly our late Muſhrom-wits look up at him becauſe he overdroppeth them, and ſnarl at his brightneſs as Dogs at the Moon.

Some of theſe grand Sophys will not allow him the reputation of wit at all: yet how many ſuch Authors muſt be creamed and ſpirited to make up his Fuſcara? *And how many of their ſlight productions may be gigged out of one of his pregnant Words? There perhaps you may find ſome leaf-gold, here maſſie wedges; there ſome ſcattered rayes, here a Galaxy; there ſome looſe fancy friſking in the Ayr, here Wit's Zodiack.*

The quarrel in all this is upbraiding merit, and eminence his crime. His touring Fancy ſoareth ſo high a pitch

that they fly like ſhades below him. The Torrent thereof (which riſeth far above their high water mark) drowneth their Levels. Uſurping upon the State Poetick of the time he hath brought in ſuch inſolent meaſures of Wit and Language that deſpairing to imitate, they muſt ſtudy to underſtand. That alone is Wit with them to which they are commenſurate, and what exceedeth their ſcantling is monſtrous.

Thus they deifie his Wit and Fancy as the Clown the plump Oyſter when he could not crack it. And now inſtead of that ſtrenuous maſculine ſtile which breatheth in this Author, we have only an enervous effeminate froth offered, as if they had taken the ſaliwating Pill before they ſet pen to paper. You muſt hold your breath in the perusal leſt the Jeſt waniſh by blowing on.

Another blemiſh in this monſter of perfection is the exuberance of his Fancy.

Fancy. His Manna *lieth so thick upon the ground they loath it. When he should only fan, he with* Hurricanos *of wit storm eth the sense and doth not so much delight his Reader, as oppress and overwhelm him.*

To cure this excess, their frugal wit hath reduced the World to a Lessian *Diet. If perhaps they entertain their Reader with one good Thought, (as these new Dictators affect to speak,) he may sit down and say Grace over it: the rest is words and nothing else.*

We will leave them therefore to the most proper vengeance, to humour themselves with the perusal of their own Poems: and leave the Barber to rub their thick skulls with bran until they are fit for Musk. Only we will leave this friendly advice with them; that they have one eye upon John Tredeskant's *Executor, lest among his other Minims of Art and Nature he ex-*

pose

poſe their ſlight Conceits : and another upon the Royal Society , leſt they make their Poems the counter-ballance when they intend to weigh Air.

From theſe unequal cenſures we appeal to ſuch competent Judges as your ſelves , in whoſe juſt value of him Clieveland *ſhall live the wonder of his own, and the pattern of ſucceeding Ages. And although we might (upon ſeveral accompts) beſpeak your affections, yet (abſtracting from theſe) we ſubmit him to your ſeverer Judgments , and doubt not but he will find that Patronage from you which is deſired and expected by*

Your humble Servants.

J.L. W.D,

A ſhort Account of the Author's Life.

HE was born at *Hinckley*, a ſmall Market Town in the County of *Leiceſter*, if we may eſteem that ſmall which glorieth in ſo great a Birth.

His Father was the Reverend and Learned Miniſter of the Place. *Fortes creantur è fortibus.* Being thus well deſcended for a vein of Learning he even liſped wit, like an Engliſh *Bard*, and was early ripe for the Univerſity, who was one.

To cheriſh ſo great hopes, the Lady *Margaret* drew forth both her breaſts. *Chriſt's* College in *Cambridge* gave him Admiſſiõn, and St. *John's* a Fellowſhip. There he lived about the ſpace of nine years, the delight and ornament of that Society. What Service, as well as Reputation he did it, let his Orations and Epiſtles ſpeak; to which the Library oweth much of its Learning, the Chappel much of its pious Decency, and the College much of its Renown. The

The Rayes which he thus ſhed upon others, reflected upon himſelf. But that which alone may ſuffice for his honour is, that after the Oration which he addreſſed to that Incomparable Prince, of Bleſſed Memory, *Charles* the Firſt, the King called for him, and (with great expreſſions of kindneſs) gave him his hand to kiſs, and commanded a Copy to be ſent after him to *Huntington*, whither he was haſtening that Night.

Thus he ſhined with equal light and influence until the general Eclipſe; of which no man had more Sagacious Prognoſticks. When *Oliver* was in Election to be Burgeſs for the Town of *Cambridge*, as he engaged all his Friends and Intereſts to oppoſe it, ſo when it was paſſed, he ſaid with much paſſionate Zeal, That ſingle Vote had ruined both Church and Kingdom. Such havock the good Prophet beheld in *Hazael*'s face. Such fatal Events did he preſage from his bloody beak. And no ſooner did that Schrich Owl appear in the Univerſity but this Sun declined. Perceiving the Oſtraciſm that was intended, he became a Voluntier in his Academick Exile, and would no longer breath the common Air with ſuch Peſts of Mankind.

From thence he betook himſelf to the

Camp

Camp of his Sovereign, and particularly to *Oxford* the Head-Quarter of it; as the most proper and proportionate Sphere for his Wit, Learning and Loyalty; and added no small Lustre to that with which that famous University shined before.

His next Stage was the Garrison of *Newark*, where he was Judge Advocate, until the Surrender: and, by an excellent temperature of both, was a just and prudent Judge for the King, and a faithful Advocate for the Countrey. There he drew up that gallant Return to the Summons of the Besiegers, which spake him, and the rest that were embarqued with him, resolute to sacrifice their Lives to their Loyalty, had not the King's Especial Command, when first he had surrendred himself into the hands of the *Scots*, made such stubborn Loyalty a Crime. And here again he was *Vates* in the whole import of the word, both Poet and Prophet: for, beside his passionate resentment of it in that excellent Poem, The King's Disguise, upon some private Intelligence, three dayes before the King reached them, he foresaw the Pieces of Silver paying upon the Banks of *Tweed*, and that they were the price of his Sovereign's blood, and predicted the Tragical Events.

Thence-

Thenceforth he followed the Fates of diſtreſſed Loyalty, for which, when he had been long impriſoned at *Yarmouth*, he addreſſed his Petition to *Oliver*; wherein he courteth his freedom with ſuch inſinuations as might neither do violence to his Conſcience, nor betray his Cauſe.

After many intermediate Stages (which contended as emulouſly for his abode, as the ſeven Cities for *Homer*'s Birth) *Grays-Inn* was his laſt: which when he had ennobled with ſome ſhort reſidence alſo, an Intermitting Fever ſeized him, whereof he died. A Diſeaſe at that time Epidemical: and if it had taken him only away (ſo publick was the loſs) it deſerved to carry the name of a Common Mortality.

He was buried upon the firſt day of *May* (for which nothing but the 29. can attone) in the Pariſh Church of St. *Michael Royal* upon *College Hill London*, *Anno* 1658. To which being attended by many Perſons of Learning and Loyalty, Mr. *Edward Thurman* performed the Office of Burial, and the Reverend and Learned Dr. *Pearſon* (now Lord Biſhop of *Cheſter*) Preached his Funeral Sermon, and made his Death Glorious.

And now there wanteth nothing but a Monument for him: and in this Book he hath

hath erected one to himſelf, which Envy may repine at, but cannot reach.

Clievelandi

CLIEVELANDI Manibus, Parentalia.

UMbra diu Eliſii lacrymabilis accola Pindi,
Pieriis hæſit quæ taciturna vadis,
Pegaſeo meritæ nudatáque remige primæ
Serpſit humi, gemino dignior illa jugo;
Tandem cum curſum populárior aura negaſſet,
Trajecit famæ vela datura ſuæ.
Luce novâ radians, jam fulgida cernitur umbra,
Cui numen Phœbus *fœnerat, atque facem.*
Ridet Hyampeique *humilem de vertice vallem,*
Et volitat pennâ non niſi vecta ſuâ.
Jam reparat famæ damnoſa ſilentia, totâ
Qui canitúrque Deæ, Pieridumque *tubâ.*
Cumque ſuâ, quæ jam durabunt carmina, cedro,
Eluſere minas temporis & tineæ.
Blatta ſuo vexet Clievelandum *Critica morſu,*
Uſque ſuos ungues rodat, & uſque virum;
Commiſtum ſalibus tamen ut guſtarit acetum,
Decidua ultricem mittet hirudo cutem.
Uſque Cothurnato concu'cent carmina ſoceo,
Quis, præter faſtum, nil ſua Roma *dedit;*
Uſque necet Vatem crudum de pegmate Drama,
Et levis excipiat tam grave viſus opus;

Attamen

Attamen in meritos transibunt Sibila *plausus,*
Clamosumque, premet murmur inane, Sophos,
Altior incedit vates pumilone Coturno,
Grandius & superat pegmata celsa decus,
Nostra quidem prosvos ætas malè passa Poetas,
Vix cano gemino suspicit ore dies:
Sed resplendet adhuc æterni nominis umbra,
Atque Poetastris dat sine nube diem.
Cui Tagus *est* Helicon, *& Mons Auratus,* Olympus,
Qui totas numerat Carmine divitias.
Plurima cui nitido collucet gemma libello,
Quamvis non panxit Sardonychata manus.
Dissimili ingenio qui plumbea sæcla flagellat,
Quique alter Musis præsit Apollo *suis.*
Cedit in exemplar venturi temporis, ætas
Seraque Glicvelandum *consulet Archetypum.*

J. L.

1.

Hail venerable Reliques! unto whom
Old and new Idolatrous Rome
Might pay devotion
Free from ſuperſtition.
Your ſacred Oracles found the Sibyl's *fate,*
Equally divine, alike unfortunate.
Injurious time did both diſperſe,
Like Pompey's *Ruines, through an Univerſe.*
Whoſe leaves (like theſe) ſcattered were,
The burthen of the ſwelling Air,
Though faln, yet like their Laurels flouriſhing and fair.
Theſe ſacrific'd to Tarquin's *Fame,*
Deriv'd their ſplendour from their flame.
Theſe from Charls *his name*
Illuſtrious became.

2.

Hail Mercury's *and* Apollo's *Son!*
If not by Nature, ſure by Adoption.
By whoſe joint gift thou doſt inherit
Cicero's *tongue, and* Virgil's *ſpirit.*

Worthy

Worthy thou enſhrin'd to reſt
In a ſacred Vatican,
Or learned Tuſculan,
Worthy of Mecœnas *breaſt.*
Juſt by the Muſes ſtil'd, and Cæſar's *Laureate*
Since in the State
Thy pen did the ſword's buſineſs anticipate.
Thy quill the Roman *Eagles did outfly,*
And conquering taught the Rebell Scot *fidelity;*
The nobleſt triumph, and the happieſt victory.
The Caledonian *Satyre ſcarce thine withſtood;*
Unto thy Laurel (lop'd the glory of his wood,
From thee Montroſs *had learn'd to write in wounds*
(*and blood.*

3.

Thou Cæſar *like, for ſword and book renown'd,*
Both in the Muſes camp, and Martial crown'd;
(*As if thy ſacred wreath was meant*
Both wits and lightnings ſhes to prevent,
Both for ſecurity and ornament)
Thy no leſs flouriſhing praiſe
Deſerves Minerva's *double bayes*
Who ſang ſo ſweet in troubleſom, and Halcyon *days;*
Trent's *dying Swans we ſee o'rcome with thy* Mantuan
(*lays.*

Both ready to resign that breath
With which you sing your own, and Countreys death.
Of Newark's, *and your own sad story,*
The equal grief and glory.

4.

Hail cœlestial Urn!
Whose ashes like the neighbouring stars do shine & burn,
And liberally dispense
To the Poetick world wit's benevolence;
Whose greater Orb the less doth influence.
Hail Reverend Bard! *whose name in British story*
Shall raise new Monuments of glory,
Whereon thou sublim'd shalt sit
The Genius of wit.
The winged Pegasus *mounts so high,*
As if to the wind the Gennet ow'd his Progeny.
The lofty Pindar *stops his flight,*
And only gazeth at, not emulates thy height.
Whom at that distance plac'd we see,
There's no parallel for thy Degree,
But thine own Climax, or Hyperbole,
Which out-soars Dedalus *his pitch, without his destiny.*

L. T.

In

In Tertiam (at verò primam) Editionem Poematum *Johannis Clievelandi.*

Quid video? Video, et lætor ſpectare cluentis
Quam bene vulgati Tertia ſcripti libri.
Annon prima valent? nec adhuc genuina ſecunda
Quis ſpurias chartas edidit haſce ſuas?
Quis fuit hos pupos, ſtrigoſos, & male ſanos
Qui genuit? prolem & te genuiſſe blatit:
Hujus Tune parens? imò nec Compater, ipſam
Conſortem Tumuli ne patiare Tui:
Sed ſic ludit iners & credula fama popelli,
Unus delirat, plectitur innocuus,
Non nova peccanti res eſt ſimulare parentem,
Non nova mentiri nomen, & ora viri,
Filius aſt tandem Clievelandi *en Filius ipſe.*
Natus & ex Cerebro, ut nata Minerva Jovis,
Et cùm Cromvelicis *nova* Troja *erat obruta ſlammis*
Filius ut veteris ſuſtulit ille Patrem. (ipſum,
Non eſt quòd dubites (lector) *patrem exprimit*
Regius, omninò Regius, Acta ſonans,
Ingenio eloquioq; potens, ſed verba fatiſcunt,
Solus qui potis eſt dicere, Tolle Librum.

Gaſparus Juſtice.

In

In mortem Doctiſſimi, & Poetarum plane Principis Domini *Clievelandi* Epicedium.

Qui metricis nollet pedibus Cantare Poetam
Pierides *faciant, ut pereat podagrâ*
Quæ veſtros Clievelande *manus non pingit honores,*
Scævola, *vel Tecum ſentiat eſſe rogum.*
Pullatus lachrymor, quoties Lux iſta recurrit
Rubricam mortis quæ memorare jubet.
Hinc Epocham, numeret Luctûs, Eccleſia & inde
Proh dolor! Exitium Carolus *ipſe ſuum.*
In Scotos gladio *Tibi Muſa potentior olim:*
Verſibus & Victi ſuccubuere Tuis
Vota utinam in Terris Regem renoventque Poetam
Hic Te Tuque illo Carole, *dignus erat.*

Sic Cecinit ſummo

Cum mœrore

Edvardus Thurman.

On

On Mr. *Clieveland* and his Poems.

CLieveland *again his ſacred head doth raiſe*
Ev'n in the duſt crown'd with immortal Bays,
Again with Verſes arm'd, that once did fright
Lycambes's *Daughters from the hated light,*
Sets his bold foot on Reformations neck,
And triumphs o'r the vanquiſh'd Monſter Smeck,
That Hydra *whoſe proud heads did ſo encreaſe*
That it deſerv'd no leſs an Hercules.
This, this is he who in Poetick rage
With Scorpions laſh'd the madneſs of the Age,
Who durſt the faſhions of the Times deſpiſe
And be a Wit when all mankind grew Wiſe,
When formal Beards at twenty one were ſeen
And Men grew Old almoſt as ſoon as Men,
Who in thoſe days when Reaſon, Wit, and Senſe
Were by the Zealots grave Impertinence
Tcleped Folly, and in Ve-ri-ty
Did ſavour rankly of Carnality,
When each notch'd Prentice might a Poet prove
For warbling through the Noſe a Hymn of Love,
When Sage George Withers *and Grave* William Pryn
Himſelf might for a Poets ſhare put in,
Yet then could write with ſo much art & skill
That Rome *might envy his Satyrick Quill,*

And

And crabbed Perſius *his hard lines give o'r,*
And in diſdain beat his brown Desk no more.
How I admire thee, Clieveland! *when I weigh*
Thy cloſe wrought ſenſe, and every line ſurvey?
They are not like thoſe things which ſome compoſe (looſe,
Who in a Maze of words the wandring ſenſe do
Who ſpin one thought into ſo long a thread,
And beat their Wit too thin to make it ſpread;
Till 'tis too fine for our weak eyes to find
And dwindles into nothing in the end.
No; they're above the Genius of this Age (Page.
Each word of thine ſwells pregnant with a
Then why do ſome Mens nicer Ears complain
Of the uneven harſhneſs of thy ſtrain?
Preferring to the Vigour of thy Muſe
Some ſmooth, weak Rhymer, that ſo gently flows,
That Ladies may his eaſie ſtrains admire
And melt like Wax before the ſoftning fire.
Let ſuch to Women write, you write to Men;
We ſtudy Thee, when we but Play with Them.

By A. B.

Clieveland's

CLEVELAND'S Poems Digested in Order.

SECT. I.

Containing

LOVE-POEMS.

Fuscara or the *Bee Errant.*

NAture's Confectioner the Bee,
(Whose Suckets are moist Alchimy;
The Still of his refining Mold
Minting the Garden into Gold)
Having rifled all the Fields
Of what Dainties *Flora* yields.
Ambitious now to take Excise
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my *Fuscara's* sleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious Sweets are hiv'd.

The Airy Freebooter distrains
First on the Violet of her Veins,
Whose Tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiss had made it blewer.
Here did he sit, and Essence quaff,
Till her coy Pulse had beat him off;
That Pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the World's long liv'd, or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis Air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jelly gloy'd.
Here, while his canting Drone-pipe scan'd
The mystick Figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmestry, and dines
On all her Fortune-telling Lines:
He bathes in Bliss, and finds no odds
Betwixt this Nectar and the Gods.
He pearches now upon her Wrist
(A proper Hawk for such a Fist)
Making that Flesh his Ball of Fare,
Which hungry Canibals would spare,
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnation.
Her Argent Skin with Or so stream'd,
As if the milky-way were cream'd;

From

From hence he to the Woodbine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs division on the Tree,
Like a thick-branching Pedigree;
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty Maze of Flowers.
It is the Rose that bleeds, when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
Ith' fashion of a Wedding Ring,
And bids his Comrades of the Swarm
Crawl like a Bracelet 'bout her Arm,
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had suck'd the Toll of all her Span,
(Tuning his Draughts with drowsie Hums,
As *Danes* Carouze by Kettle-drums)
It was decreed (that Posie glean'd)
The small Familiar should be wean'd.
At this the *Errant*'s Courage quails;
Yet ayded by his native Sails,
The bold *Columbus* still designs
To find her undiscover'd Mines.
To th' *Indies* of her Arm he flies,
Fraught both with East and Western Prize,
Which when he had in vain essay'd,
(Arm'd like a Dapper Lancepresade

With Spaniſh Pike) he broach'd a Pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the Sore:
For as in Gummy Trees there's found
A Salve to iſſue at the Wound;
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a Balſom too.
But oh! What Waſp was't that could prove
Raviliack to my Queen of Love?
The King of Bees now jealous grown,
Leſt her Beams ſhould melt his Throne,
And finding that his Tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes and State of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpital; the Combs
Built Rank and File, like Beadſmens Rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre
Match'd with my *Danae*'s golden ſhowre,
Live Hony all, the envious Elf
Stung her, cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.
Sweetneſs and She are ſo alli'd,
The Bee committed Paricide,

The Senſes Feſtival.

I Saw a Viſion yeſternight
Enough to ſate a Seeker's ſight,
I wiſh'd my ſelf a ſhaker there,
And her quick Pants my trembling Sphere.
It was a She ſo glittering bright,
You'd think her Soul an Adamite,
A Perſon of ſo rare a frame,
Her Body might be lin'd with th' ſame.
Beautie's chiefeſt Maid of Honour,
You may break Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbeſs of the Skies
With all her Nunnery of Eyes
Can ſhew me ſuch a glorious Prize.

And yet becauſe 'tis more Renown
To make a ſhadow ſhine, ſhe's brown,
A Brown for which Heaven would disband
The Galaxie, and Stars be tann'd;
Brown by Reflexion, as her Eye
Deals out the Summer's Livery.
Old dormant Windows muſt confeſs
Her Beams, their glimmering Spectacles,

Struck with the Splendor of her face,
Do th' office of a Burning glaſs.
Now where ſuch radiant Lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her Cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt, with Luſtre of her own.

My Sight took pay; but (thank my Charms)
I now impale her in mine Arms
(Love's Compaſſes, confining you
Good Angels, to a Circle too.)
Is not the Univerſe ſtrait lac'd,
When I can claſp it in the Waſte?
My amorous Fold about thee hurl'd,
With *Drake* I girdle in the World;
I hoop the Firmament, and make
This my Embrace the Zodiack.
How could thy Center take my Senſe,
When Admiration doth commence
At the extreme Circumference?

Now to the melting Kiſs that ſips
The Jellied Philtre of her Lips;
So Sweet there is no Tongue can prays't,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a Taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above
By th' Billing of my Heavenly Dove.

Love prints his Signets in her Smacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing Wax,
Which whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They're Privy-Seals to take up Hearts.
Our mouths encountring at the ſport,
My ſlippery Soul had quitt the Fort,
But that ſhe ſtopp'd the Sally-port.

Next to theſe Sweets, her Lips diſpenſe
(As Twin-conſerves of Eloquence)
The Sweet Perfume her Breath affords
Incorporating with her Words.
No Roſary this Votreſs needs,
Her very Syllables are Beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her Speech doth enter,
It is a Kiſs oth' ſecond Venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſamond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.

Yet that's but a preludious Bliſs,
Two Souls Pickeering in a Kiſs.
Embraces do but draw the Line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.

When Bodies joyn, and Vict'ry hovers
Twixt the equal fluttering Lovers,
This is the Game; make ſtakes, my Dear!
Heark, how the ſprightly Chanticlere
(That Baron Tell-clock of the Night)
Sounds Boute-ſel to *Cupid*'s Knight.
Then have at all, the Paſs is got,
For coming off, oh name it not!
Who would not die upon the ſpot?

To Julia *to expedite her Promiſe.*

SInce 'tis my Doom, Love's Underſhrieve,
Why this Reprieve?
Why doth my SheA-dvowſon fly
Incumbency?

Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And wither'd Mates when Wedlock joyns,
They'r *Hymen*'s Monkies, which he ties by th' Loins,
To play alas! but at rebated Foins.

To ſell thy ſelf doſt thou intend
By Candle's end,
And hold the Contract thus in doubt
Life's Taper out?

Think

Think but how ſoon the Market fails,
Your Sex lives faſter than the Males;
As if to meaſure Ages ſpan,
The ſober *Julian* were th' Account of Man,
Whilſt you live by the fleet *Gregorian*.

Now ſince you bear a Date ſo ſhort,
Live double for't.
How can thy Fortreſs ever ſtand,
If 't be not Man'd?
The Siege ſo gains upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face.
Pity thy ſelf then, if not me,
And hold not out, leſt like *Oſtend* thou be,
Nothing but Rubbiſh at Delivery.

The Candidates of *Peter*'s Chair
Muſt plead gray hair,
And uſe the Simony of a Cough
To help them off;
But when I wooe thus old and ſpent,
I'le wed by Will and Teſtament.
No; let us Love while criſp'd and curl'd;
The greateſt Honors on the aged hurl'd
Are but gay Furlows for another World.

To morrow what thou tendreſt me
Is Legacy.
Not one of all thoſe ravenous hours
But thee devours;
And though thou ſtill recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with ſoft Ivory;
Though thou conſume but to renew,
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Heriot due;
That's the beſt quick thing I can find of you.
I feel thou art conſenting ripe
By that ſoft gripe,
And thoſe regealing Cryſtal Spheres.
I hold thy Tears
Pledges of more diſtilling Sweets,
Than the Bath that uſhers in the Sheets.
Elſe pious *Julia*, Angel-wiſe,
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling Eyes
To cure the Spittle-World of Maladies.

The Hecatomb to his Miſtreſs.

BE dumb you Beggars of the rhythming Trade,
Geld your looſe wits, & let your Muſe be ſpade.
Charge not the Pariſh with your baſtard Phraſe
Of Balm, Elixir, both the *Indis's*,

Of

Of Shrine, Saint, Sacrifice, and ſuch as theſe,
Expreſſions common as your Miſtreſſes.
Hence you Phantaſtick Poſtillers in Song,
My Text defeats your Art, ties Nature's tongue,
Scorns all her Tinſoyl'd Metaphors of Self,
Illuſtrated by nothing but her ſelf.
As Spiders travel by their bowels ſpun
Into a Thread, and when the Race is run,
Wind up their Journey in a living Clew;
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own Eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt again each Panegyrick Line.
Reach then a Soaring Quill that I may write,
As with a *Jacob*'s Staff to take her height.
Suppoſe an Angel darting through the Air
Should their encounter a religious Prayer
Mounting to Heaven, that Intelligence
Would for a Sunday-Suit thy Breath condenſe
Into a Body. Let me crack a ſtring,
And venture higher. Were the Note I ſing
Above Heaven's *Ela*; ſhould I then decline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* ſound the Line
From Pole to Pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor find an Epithet to ſhadow't forth.
Metals may blazon common Beauties; ſhe
Makes Pearls and Planets humble Heraldry.

As

As then a purer Subſtance is defin'd
But by an heap of Negatives combin'd,
Ask what a Spirit is, you'l hear them cry,
It hath no Matter, no Mortality:
So can I not deſcribe how ſweet, how fair,
Only I ſay, ſhe's not as others are:
For what Perfection we to others grant,
It is her ſole Perfection to want.
All other Forms ſeem in reſpect of thee
The Almanack's miſhap'd Anatomy:
Where *Aries* head and face, *Bull* neck and throat,
The *Scorpion* gives the Secrets, *Knees* the Goat;
A Brief of Limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſake Signs in their ſtrange Character.
As your Philoſophers to every Senſe
Marry its Object, yet with ſome diſpenſe,
And grant them a Polygamy with all,
And theſe their common Senſibles they call:
So is't with her, who, ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Senſes in each action.
The ſame Beam heats and lights, to ſee her well
Is both to hear and ſee, and taſte and ſmell:
For can you want a Palate in your Eyes,
When each of hers contains the beauteous prize,
Venus's Apple? Can your Eyes want Noſe,
Seeing each Cheek buds forth a fragrant Roſe?

Or

Or can your Sight be deaf to ſuch a quick
And well-tun'd Face, ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each Look a Flaſh of Lightning feel,
Which ſpares the Bodie's ſheath, yet melts the ſteel?
Thy Soul muſt needs confeſs, or grant thy Senſe
Corrupted with the Object's Excellence.
Sweet Magick, which can make five Senſes lie
Conjur'd within the Circle of an Eye!
In whom ſince all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his ſixt!
Thou Man of mouth that canſt not name a ſhe,
Unleſs all Nature pay a Subſidy,
Whoſe Language is a Tax, whoſe Musk-cat Verſe
Voids nought but Flowers for thy Muſes Herſe,
Fitter than *Celia*'s Looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradiſe,
And (what Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſcent)
Canſt in her boſom find it reſident;
Now come aloft, come now, and breath a Vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer who ſpells the Stars,
In that fair Alphabet reads Peace and Wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets Heaven's Phyſiogmony.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures Wits, as Quartans vex
Phyſicians;

Physicians; call her the squar'd Circle; say
She is the very Rule of *Algebra*:
What e're thou understand'st not say't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise
Thy phancy so as to inclose her praise,
Alas poor *Gotham*, with thy Cuckoe-hedge!
Hyperboles are here but Sacrilege.
Then roll up Muse what thou hast ravel'd out,
Some Comments clear not, but increase the doubt.
She that affords poor Mortals not a glance
Of Knowledge, but is known by Ignorance.
She that commits a Rape on every Sense,
Whose Breath can countermand a Pestilence.
She that can strike the best Invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down the head.
She, she it is that doth contain all Bliss,
And makes the World but her *Periphasis*.

The Antiplatonick.

FOr shame thou everlasting Wooer,
Still saying Grace, and ne'r fall to her!
Love that's in Contemplation plac'd
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waste.
Unless your Flame confess its Gender,
And your Parley cause Surrender,

Y'are *Salamanders* of a cold deſire,
That live untouch'd amidſt the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*:
An hard and unrelenting ſhe,
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or (what doth more of ſtatue carry)
A Nun of the *Platoniek* Quarry?
Love melts the rigor which the Rocks have bred,
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe thus to candy up your ſelves;
No more you Sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining Flame.
Women commence by *Cupid*'s Dart,
As a King hunting Dubs a Hart.
Love's Votaries enthral each other's Soul,
Till both of them live but upon Parol.

Virtue's no more in Womankind
But the Green ſickneſs of the Mind.
Philoſophy (their new Delight)
A kind of Charcoal Appetite.
There is no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all-convincing Love aſſails;

But the disputing Petticoat will warp,
As Skilful Gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The Souldier, that Man of Iron,
Whom Ribs of Horror all environ;
That's strung with Wire instead of Veins,
In whose Embraces you're in Chains;
Let a Magnetick Girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupid*'s Cuirasseer.
Love storms his Lips, and takes the Fortress in,
For all the bristled Turnpike of his Chin.

Since Love's Artillery then checks
The Breast-works of the firmest Sex:
Come let us in affections riot;
Th' are sickly pleasures keep a diet.
Give me a Lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch'd with Formality;
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen
With the nice caution of a Sword between.

Upon Phillis *walking in a Morni before Sun-riſing.*

THe ſluggiſh Morn as yet undreſt,
My *Phillis* brake from out her Eaſt,
As if ſhe'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, uſher to the Sun.
The Trees, like Yeomen of the Guard
(Serving her more for Pomp than Ward)
Rank'd on each ſide, with Loyal Duty,
Weav'd Branches to incloſe her Beauty.
The Plants, whoſe Luxury was lopp'd,
Or Age with Crutches underpropp'd,
(Whoſe wooden Carkaſes were grown
To be but Coffins of their own)
Revive, and at her general Dole
Each receives his Ancient Soul.
The winged Choriſters began
To chirp their *Mattins*, and the Fan
Of whiſtling Winds like Organs play'd,
Until their Voluntaries made
The weakened Earth in Odors riſe
To be her Morning Sacriſice.
The Flowers call'd out of their Beds,
Start and raiſe up their drowſie Heads;

And he that for their colour ſeeks
May ſee it vaulting to her Cheeks:
Where Roſes mix; no Civil War
Divides her *York* and *Lancaſter*.
The Marygold (whoſe Courtier's face
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs and ſhuts up her gawdy Shop)
Miſtakes her Cue, and doth diſplay:
Thus *Philis* antedates the day.
Theſe Miracles had cramp'd the Sun,
Who fearing that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with Light his frizled Locks
To ſee what Saint his Luſtre mocks.
The trembling Leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the Walk with light and ſhade,
Like Lattice-windows give the Spye
Room but to peep with half an eye;
Leſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bid us all good night in him;
Till ſhe ſhould ſpend a gentle ray
To force us a new faſhion'd day.
But what religious Palſie's this,
Which makes the Bows deveſt their bliſs,
And that they might her footſteps ſtraw,
Drop their Leaves with ſhivering awe?

Phillis perceiv'd, and (leſt her ſtay
Should wed *October* unto *May*,
And as her Beauty cauſ'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her Beams, yet made no Night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

To Mrs. K. T. *who asked him why he was dumb, written* calente Calamo.

STay, ſhould I anſwer, Lady, then
In vain would be your Queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence, nor Speech, on either hand,
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your Will throws me upon
This wiſhed Contradiction;
I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely, as you hear me, dumb.
Ask but the chap-fallen Puritan,
'TisZeal that Tongue-tyes that good man;
(For heat of Conſcience all men hold
Is th' only way to catch that cold:)
How ſhould Love's Zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?

Nay your Religion, which doth grant
A Worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that Devotion wrong,
That does it in the Vulgar Tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd Excellence;
As th' Engliſh Dialect would vary
The Goodneſs of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak that twice am check'd
By this, and that Religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your Face I ſpy
Still Cauſe, and ſtill Divinity.
As ſoon as bleſt with your Salute,
My Manners taught me to be mute,
Leſt I ſhould cancel all the Bliſs
You ſign'd with ſo divine a Kiſs.
The Lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the Tongue's Impriſonment.
My Tongue in hold, my Voyce doth riſe
With a ſtrange *Ela* to my eyes.
Where it gets Bail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new found Eloquence.
Oh liſten with attentive ſight
To what my prating eyes indite!
Or, Lady, ſince 'tis in your choice
To give, or to ſuſpend my Voyce,

With the ſame Key ſet ope the Door
Wherewith you lock'd it faſt before.
Kiſs once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been Miraculous.
My Muſe ſhall write with Handmaid Duty
The Golden Legend of your Beauty.
He whom his Dumbneſs now confines
Intends to ſpeak the reſt by Signs.

A Fair Nymph ſcorning a Black Boy courting her.

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the Air,
Why ſhould the ſmoke purſue the fair?
Boy. My Face is ſmoke, thence may be gueſt
What Flames within have ſcorch'd my breaſt
Nymph. Thy flaming Love I cannot view
For the dark Lanthorn of thy Hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Love's Taper
Surer than your's that's of white Paper.
What ever Midnight can be here,
The Moon-ſhine of your Face will clear.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipſe is 'fraid;
If thou ſhould'ſt interpoſe thy ſhade.
Boy. Yet one thing, Sweet-heart, I will ask,
Take me for a new faſhion'd Mask.

Nymph. Done: but my Bargain shall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kiss.
Boy. Our curl'd Embraces shall delight
To checker Limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy Ink, my Paper, make me guess
Our Nuptial-bed will prove a Press,
And in our Sports, if any come,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why should my Black thy Love impair?
Let the dark Shop commend the Ware;
Or if thy Love from black forbears,
I'l strive to wash it off with Tears.
Nymph. Spare fruitless Tears, since thou must needs
Still wear about thy mourning Weeds.
Tears can no more affection win,
Than wash thy *Æthiopian* Skin.

A Young Man to an Old Woman courting him.

PEace Beldam *Eve*, surcease thy Suit,
There's no Temptation in such Fruit.
No rotten Medlars, whilst there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy Stock is too much out of date
For tender Plants t'inoculate.

A Match with thee the Bridegroom fears
Would be thought Inceſt in his years,
Which when compar'd to thine become
Odd Money to thy Grandam Sum.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a Curſe,
As putting Husbands out to Nurſe?
How Pond and Rivers would miſtake,
And cry new Almanacks for our ſake?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about his Year,
December meeting *Januver*.
Th' *Egyptian* Serpent figures Time,
And ſtrip'd, returns into his prime.
If my Affection thou wouldſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick Skin.
My Modern Lips know not, alack,
The old Religion of thy *Smack*.
I count that Primitive Embrace,
As out of Faſhion, as thy Face;
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy Fornication's Claſſical.
Our Sports will differ thou muſt play
Lero, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'm no Tranſlator, have no vein
To turn a Woman young again;
Unleſs you'l grant the Taylor's due,
To ſee the Fore-bodies be new.

I love to wear Clothes that are flush,
Not prefacing old Rags with Plush,
Like Aldermen, or Under-shrieves
With Canvas Backs, and Velvet-Sleeves:
And just such Discord there would be
Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.
Go study Salve and Triacle, ply
Your Tenant's Leg, or his sore eye.
Thus Matrons purchase Credit, thank,
Six penny worth of Mountebank;
Or chew thy Cud on some Delight,
That thou didst taste in Eighty eight;
Or be but Bed-rid once, and then
Thoul't dream thy youthful sins agen:
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,
First hearken and attend my Vows.
When *Ætna*'s fires shall undergo
The Penance of the *Alps* in Snow;
When *Sol* at one blast of his Horn
Posts from the Crab to *Capricorn*;
When the Heavens shuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the Frozen Zone;
When all these Contradictions meet,
Then, *Sybil*, thou and I will greet:
For all these Similies do hold
In my young Heat, and thy dull Cold.

Then, if a Fever be ſo good
A Pimp as to inflame thy Blood,
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee and thy Page,
The diſtinct Tropicks of Man's Age.
Well, Madam Time, be ever bald,
I'l not thy Perriwig be call'd:
I'l never be 'ſtead of a Lover,
An aged Chronicle's new Cover.

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

SIr, or Madam, chooſe you whether,
Nature twiſts you both together,
And makes thy Soul two Garbs confeſs,
Both Petticoat and Breecheſs dreſs;
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of Wine
With Water that is Feminine,
Until the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam, till his Rib was loſt,
Had the Sexes thus ingroſt.
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did Man 'bout Wedlock treat,
To make his Body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but thee
In a Grave Solemnity:

For Man and Wife make but one right
Canonical Hermaphrodite.
Ravel thy Body, and I find
In every Limb a double kind.
Who would not think that Head a pair,
That breeds such Faction in the Hair?
One half so churlish in the Touch,
That rather than endure so much,
I would my tender Limbs apparrel
With *Regulus* his nailed Barrel:
But the other half so small,
And so amorous withal,
That *Cupid* thinks each Hair doth grow
A String for his invisible Bow.
When I look Babies in thine Eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies;
And though thy Beauty be high Noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon.
How many melting Kisses skip,
'Twixt thy Male and Female Lip?
'Twixt thy upper Brush of Hair,
And thy neather Beard's despair?
When thou speak'st (I would not wrong
Thy Sweetness with a double Tongue,
But) in every single Sound
A perfect Dialogue is found.

Thy Breasts distinguish one another,
This the Sister, that the Brother.
When thou joyn'st Hands my Ear still phancies
The Nuptial Sound, 'I *John* take *Frances*.
Feel but the difference soft and rough,
This a Gantlet, that a Muff.
Had sly *Ulysses* at the Sack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedler's Pack,
And Weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Lycomedes*, *Phillis*
His Plot had fail'd; this Hand would feel
The Needle, that the Warlike Steel.
When Musick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right Leg takes the left to dance:
Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt Dance, though alone.
Thus every Het'roclite apart
Changes Gender, but thy Heart;
Nay those which Modesty can mean,
But dare not speak, are Epicene.
That Gamester needs must overcome,
That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Nature's Mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authour to his Hermaphrodite made after Mr. Randolph's *Death, yet inſerted into his Poems.*

PRoblem of Sexes! Muſt thou likewiſe be
As diſputable in thy Pedigree?
Thou Twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw leſs than Aums Ace upon two Dice.
Wer't thou ſerv'd up two in one Diſh, the rather
To ſplit thy Sire into a double Father?
True; the World's Scales are even, what the Main
In one place gets, another quits again.
Nature loſt one by thee, and therefore muſt
Slice one in two to keep her number juſt.
Plurality of Livings is thy State,
And therefore mine muſt be Impropriate:
For ſince the Child is mine, and yet the Claim
Is intercepted by another's Name,
Never did Steeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay, my Muſe, (and without more Diſpute)
Who 'tis that Fame doth ſuperinſtitute.
The *Theban* Wittal, when he once deſcries
Jove is his Rival, falls to Sacrifice.

That

That Name hath tipp'd his Horns; ſee on his Knees
A health to *Hans-in-kelder Hercules:*
Nay Sublunary Cuckolds are content
To entertain their Fate with Complement;
And ſhall not he be proud whom *Randolph* deigns
To quarter with his Muſe both Arms and Brains?
Gramercie Goſſip; I rejoyce to ſee
Th' haſt got a Leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talk not of Horns, Horns are the Poet's Creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former Neſt
To found a Nunnery in *Randolph*'s Quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſſus* is a Forked Hill.
But ſtay, I've wak'd his Duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the Worms for his Compurgators.
Can Ghoſt have natural Sons? Say *Og*, is't meet
Penance bear Date after the Winding-ſheet?
Were it a *Phenyx* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
I would diſclaim my Right, and that it were
The Lawful Iſſue of his Aſhes ſwear.
But was he dead? Did not his Soul tranſlate
Her ſelf into a Shop of leſſer rate;
Or break up Houſe, like an expenſive Lord,
That gives his Purſe a Sob, and lives at Board?
Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
And ſtill there's hopes 'tmay prove his Baſtard Imp.

But

But I'm prophane; for grant the World had one
With whom he might contract an Union;
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
Ith' Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head.

For you, my Brat, that poſe the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatſoe're you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your ſtate;
For all the World is Illegitimate.
Man cannot get a Man, unleſs the Sun
Club to the Act of Generation.
The Sun and Man get Man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt Fathers of my Poetry;
For ſince, bleſt Shade, thy Verſe is Male, but mine
Oth' weaker Sex, a Phancy Feminine;
We'l part the Child, and yet commit no ſlaughter,
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my Daughter.

SECT. II.

Containing POEMS which relate to STATE-AFFAIRS.

Upon The King's Return from Scotland.

REturn'd; I'l ne'r believ't; firſt prove him hence,
Kings travel by their Beams and Influence.
Who ſays the Soul gives out her Geſts, or goes
A flitting Progreſs 'twixt the Head and Toes?
She rules by Omnipreſence; and ſhall we
Deny a Prince the ſame Ubiquity?
Or grant he went, and 'cauſe the knot was ſlack
Girt both the Nations with his Zodiack;
Yet as the Tree at once both upward ſhoots,
And juſt as much grows downward to the Roots;
So at the ſame time that he poſted thither
By Counter-Stages he rebounded hither.
Hither, and hence at once; thus every Sphere
Doth by a double motion interfere,

And

And when his Native form inclines him East.
By the first Mover he is ravish'd West:
Have you not seen how the divided Dam
Runs to the summons of her hungry Lamb;
But when the Twin cries halves, she quits the first,
Nature's *Commendum* must be likewise nurst?
So were his Journeys like the Spider spun
Out of his Bowels of Compassion.
Two Realms, like *Cacus*, so his steps transpose,
His feet still contradict him as he goes.
England's return'd, that was a banish'd Soil,
The Bullet flying makes the Gun recoil.
Death's but a Separation, though indors'd
With Spade and Javelin, we were thus divorc'd.
Our Soul hath taken wing, while we express
The Corps returning to their Principles.
But the Crab-Tropick must not now prevail,
Islands go back, but when you're under sail:
So his Retreat hath rectified that wrong;
Backward is forward in the Hebrew Tongue.
Now the Church Militant in plenty rests,
Nor fears, like th' Amazon, to lose her Breasts.
Her means are safe, not squeez'd, until the blood
Mix with the Milk, and choak the tender Brood.
She that hath been the floating Ark, is that
She, that's now seated on Mount *Ararat*.

Quits

Quits *Charles*; our Souls did guard him Northward
Now he the Counterpart comes South to us. (thus,

A Dialogue between two Zealots upon the &c. in the Oath.

SIr *Roger* from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicaridge of the Children's Threes,
Whose yearly *Audit* may by strict Account
To twenty Nobles, and his Vailes amount;
Fed on the Common of the female Charity,
Until the *Scots* can bring about their Parity;
So shotten, that his Soul, like to himself,
Walks but in *Cuerpo*: This same Clergy-Elf
Encountring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgels with the Oath.
The Quarrel was a strange mishapen Monster
Et cætera, (God bless us) which may confter
The Brand upon the Buttock of the Beast,
The Dragon's Tail tied on a Knot; a Nest
Of young *Apocrypha*, the fashion
Of a new mental Reservation.

Whilst *Roger* thus divides the Text, the other
Winks and expounds, saying, my pious Brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I fasted twice:

And so by Revelation know it better,
Than all the learn'd Idolaters oth' Letter,
With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theme,
Like Great *Goliah*, with his Weaver's Beam.
I say to thee, *Et cætera*, thou ly'st,
Thou art the curled Lock of Antichrist;
Rubbish of *Babel*; for who will not say
Tongues are counfounded in *Et cætera?*
Who swears *Et cætera*, swears more Oaths at once,
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
The old false Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurst *Et cætera!* Now, now I scent
What the prodigious bloody Oysters meant.
O *Booker! Booker!* How cameſt thou to lack
This Fiend in thy Prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th' Infernal Plot
Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it
By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it;
'Gainst whom the Church (whereof I am a Member)
Shall keep another Fifth day of *November*.
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruss
Et cætera, it's so abdominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not so fully lin'd.
Unrip *Et cætera*, and you shall find

Og the great Commiſſary, and (which his worſe)
Th' Apparitor upon his skew bald Horſe.
Then finally, my Babes of Grace, forbear,
Et cætera will be too far to ſwear:
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar Stile)
A *Yorkſhire* Wea-bit longer than a Mile.

Here *Roger* was inſpir'd, and by God's diggers
He'l ſwear in words at length, but not in Figures.
No by this Drink which he takes off, as loath
To leave *Et cætera* in his liquid Oath;
His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody Wine
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synod's *Catiline*.
So they drank on, not offering to part,
'Till they had ſworn out the eleventh Quart:
While all that ſaw, and heard them joyntly pray,
They and their Tribe were all *Et cætera*.

Smectymnuus, *or the Club-Divines.*

Smectymnuus! The Goblin makes me ſtart;
Ith' name of *Rabbi Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick?* or *Welſh?* What skilt?
Ape all the Bricklayers that *Babel* built.
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it;
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt *Saxon* Poet.

But do the Brotherhood then play their Prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion, with Diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a Name in Rank and File?
A name, which if 'twere train'd would ſpread a mile.
The Saints Monopoly, the Zealous Cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a Muſter,
And ſhoots his Quills at Biſhops and their Sees,
A devout Litter of young *Machabees*.
Thus *Jack* of all Trades hath diſtinctly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles in a Cherry-ſtone.
Thus Faction's *A-la-mode* in Treaſon's faſhion,
Now we have Hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixot*'s Roſary of Slaves
Strung on a Chain, a Murnival of Knaves
Pack'd in a Trick; like Gipſies when they ride,
Or like the College which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vain Satyriſts ſtand all a row,
As hollow Teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th' *Italian* Monſter pregnant with his Brother,
Nature's *Diereſis*, half one another;
He with his little Sideſmam *Lazarus*
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge* Fair is *Smec*'s; for lo his ſide
Into a fivefold *Lazar* multiplied.
Under each Arm there's tuck'd a double Gizzard,
Five Faces lurk under one ſingle Vizard.

The

The Whore of *Babylon* left these Brats behind,
Heirs of Confusion by Gavelkind.
I think *Pythagoras*'s Soul is rambled hither
With all her change of Rayment on together.
Smec is her general Wardrope; she'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare.
He stops the Gossiping Dames; alone he is
The Purlew of a *Metempsychosis*:
Like a Scotch Mark; where the more modest sence
Checks the loud Phrase & shrinks to thirteen pence;
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,
Though sometimes tripartite, joyns in the same.
Like to nine Taylors, who (if rightly spell'd)
Into one Man are Monosyllabl'd.
Shorthanded Zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.
See, see how close the Curs hunt under a sheet,
As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet.
One Cure, and five Incumbents leap a Truss,
The Title sure must be Litigious.
The *Sadducees* would raise a Question,
Who shall be *Smec* at th' Resurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire drawn and spun out the name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Against the Bishops and their Superstition.

Robsm and *French* (that count from five to five,
As far as Nature fingers did contrive.
She saw they would be Sessers, that's the cause
She cleft their Hoof into so many Claws)
May tire their Carret-Bunch; yet ne'r agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Polemoney.
Caligula (whose Pride was Mankind's Bail,
As who disdain'd to murder by Retail,
Wishing the World had but one general Neck)
His glutton Blade might have found Game in *Smec.*
No Eccho can improve the Author more,
Whose Longs pay use and use to half a score.
No Felon is more letter'd, though the Brand
Both superscribes his Shoulder and his Hand.
Some Welshman was his Godfather; for he
Wears in his Name his Genealogy.
The Banns are ask'd, would but the times give way,
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera*:
The Guests, invited by a friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons;
The Priest to tie the Foxes tails together
Mosely, or *Sancta Clara*, choose you whether.
See what an Off-spring every one expects;
What strange Plurality of Men and Sects?
One says he'l get a Vestry, but another
Is for a Synod; Bets upon the Mother.

Faith

Faith cry St. *George!* Let them go to't and ſtickle
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.
Thus might Religions Catterwaul and ſpight
Which uſes to Devorce, might once unite:
But their croſs Fortunes interdict their Trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride is Spade.
My Task is done, all my he Goats are milk'd;
So many Cards ith' Stock, and yet be bilk'd?
I could by Letters now unthwill the Rabble,
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another's dreſſing;
Only kneel down and take your Father's Bleſſing;
May the Queen Mother juſtifie your fears,
And ſtretch her Patent to your Leather ears.

The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.

With Hair in Character, and Lugs in Text,
With a ſplay mouth, & a noſe circumflext,
With a ſet Ruff of Musket-bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or Linnen Bandileers
Exhauſted of their Sulphurous Contents
In Pulpit Fire-works, which the Bombal vents;
The Negative and Covenanting Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes iſſuing from his Mouh.

The Bush upon his Chin like a carv'd Story
In a Box-knot, cut by the Directory;
Madam's Confession hanging at his ear (Where;
Wire-drawn through all the Questions, How and
Each Circumstance so in the hearing felt, (gelt.
That when his ears are cropp'd he'l count them
The Weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
A sign the Pre-byter's worn to the stump;
The Presbyter, though charm'd against Mischance
With the Divine Right of an Ordinance;
If you meet any that do thus atttire 'em,
Stop them they are the Tribe of *Adoniram*.
What zealous Phrenzy did the Senate seize,
That tare the Rotchet to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc'd; Reforming *Tweed*
Hath sent us Runts even of her Churches breed.
Lay interlining Clergy, a Device
That's Nickname to the Stuff call'd Lops and Lice.
The Beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devil's footsteps in his cloven face.
A face of several Parishes and sorts,
Like to Serjeant shav'd at Inns of Court.
What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragoons,
Made up of Ears and Ruffs like Ducatoons.
That Hierarchy of Handicrafts begun;
Those New Exchange-men of Religion.

Sure

Sure they'r the Antick heads which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and diſembogue a Spout:
Like them above the Commons Houſe t' have been
So long without, now both are gotten in.

Then what imperious in the Biſhop ſounds
The ſame the Scotch Executor rebounds:
This ſtating Prelacy the Claſſick Rout
That ſpeak it often, e'r it ſpake it out.

So by an Abbey's Skeleton of late
I heard an Eccho ſupererogate
Through Imperfection, and the Voyce reſtore,
As if ſhe had the Hiccup o'r and o'r.

Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That *Paul*'s ſhall to the Conſiſtory call
A Dean and Chapter out of Weaver's Hall,
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt
With the five Thumbs of his groat changing Fiſt.

Down *Dagon*-Synod with thy Motley Ware,
Whilſt we are Champions for the Cowmon Prayer,
(That Dove-like Embaſſy that wings our Senſe
To Heavens Gate in ſhape of Innocence)
Pray for the Mitred Authors, and defie
Thoſe Demicaſtors of Divinity.

For when Sir *John* with *Jack* of all Trades joyns,
His Finger's thicker than the Prelates Loyns

The Mixt Aſſembly.

FLea-bitten Synod, an Aſſembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame Woolpack Clergy by their ſide.
Who ask'd the Banns 'twixt theſe diſcolor'd Mates?
A ſtrange *Groteſco* this; the Church and States,
Moſt divine Tick Tack in a Pye-bald Crew
To ſerve as Table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* Heir
By Picture, when the Parents both were fair,
At ſight of you had born a dapled Son,
You chequering her Imagination.
Had *Jacob*'s Flock but ſeen you ſit, the Damms
Had brought forth ſpeckled and ring-ſtreaked Lambs:
Like an Impropriator's Motley Kind, (
Whoſe Scarlet Coat is with a Caſſock lin'd:
Like the Lay-Thief in a Canonick Weed,
Sure of his Clergy e'r he did the Deed.
Like *Royſton* Crows, who are (as I may ſay)
Fryars of both the Orders, Black and Gray.
So mixt they are one knows not whether's thicker
A Layre of Burgeſs, or a Layre of Vicar.

Have

Have they usurp'd what Royal *Judah* had,
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Crosier are the Crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious Clutches
Will fail the Cripple-State. And wer't not pity
That both should serve the Yardwand of the City?
That *Isaac* might go stroke his Beard, and sit
Judge of εἷς ἅδου and *Eligerit*.
O that they were in Chalk and Charcoal drawn!
The Miscellany-Satyr and the Fawn,
And all th' Adulteries of twisted Nature
But faintly represent this ridling Feature,
Whose Members, being not Tallies, they'l not own
Their Fellows at the Resurrection.
Strange Scarlet Doctors these; they'l pass in Story
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading Sables, and the coming Gules.
The Flea that *Falstaff* damn'd thus lewdly shows
Tormented in the Flames of *Bardolph*'s Nose;
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Clokes,
This Shoulder *John-a-Stiles*, that *John-a-Noker*.
Like Jews and Christians in a Ship together
With an old Neck-Verse to distinguish either.
Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or whatsoe'r hath neither Head nor Foot:

Such

Such may theſe ſtrip'd Stuff-hangings ſeem to be,
Sacrilege match'd with Codpiece Simony.
Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſey-Woolſey Veſtry-men.
Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such Company may chance to ſpoyl thy Swearing;
And thy Drum-Major Oaths (of bulk unruly)
May dwindle to a feeble, By my truly,
He that the Noble *Piercie*'s Blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a Hot-Spur of the Spirits?
He'l fright the *Obadiah*'s out of tune
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*;
A Name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd Hand;
See they obey the Magick of my Words,
Preſto; they'r gone; and now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd Face of an old Hag,
But with three Teeth like to a triple Gag.
A Jig, a Jig, and in this Antick Dance,
Fielding and *Poxie-Marſhal* firſt advance.
Twiſſe blows the Scotch-Pipes, and the loving *Brace*
Puts on the Traces and treads *Cinque-a-pace*.
Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old ham-ſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpled *Palmer* make a Couple.
Palmer's a fruitful Girl, if he'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her Shoulder.

Kimbolton

Kimbolton, that Rebellious *Boanerges*
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*.
If *Burges* get a Clap, 'tis ne'r the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good ſadneſs cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.
Here *Wharton* wheels about, till Mumping *Lidia*
Like the full Moon hath made his Lordſhip giddy.
Pym and the Members muſt their Giblets levy
T'encounter Madam *Smec*, that ſingle *Bevy*:
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A Child-birth, but a Gaol-delivery.
Thus every Gibelline hath got his Guelf;
But *Selden* he's a Galliard by himſelf;
And well may be; there's more Divines in him,
Than in all this their *Jewiſh Sanhedrim*;
Whoſe Canons in the Forge ſhall then bear date,
When Mules their Coſin Germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſs go yoak'd in the ſame Plough.
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſſe*, *Brook*'s Preacher, he
Would ſort the Beaſts with more Conformity.
Water and Earth make but one Globe, a Roundhead
Is Clergy-Lay, Party-per-pale compounded.

Rebellis

Rebellis Scotus.

Curæ Deo sumus, ista si cedant Scoto?
Variata spleniis Domina Psyche est suis,
Aut Stellionatûs rea. Ὕστερον πρότερον
Campanulæ omnes; totus Ucalegon *fio;*
Coriaceæ cui millies mille hydriæ
Suburbicanis pensiles Paræciis
Non sint refrigerio. Poeticus furor
Cometa non minus, vel ore flammeo
Commune despuente fatum Stellulâ,
Dirum ominatur. Ecquis è Stoâ *suam*
Jam temperet bilem, patria quando lue
Tam Pymmianâ, id est pediculosâ, perit,
Bombimachidisque fit bolus myrmeciis?
Scotos nec ausim nominare, carminum
Nisi inter amuleta, nec meditarier
Nisi cerebello, quod capillitio rubens
(Quale autumo coluberrimum Furiis caput)
Quot inde verba, tot venena prompserit.
Rhadamantheum fac, guttur esset nunc mihi,
Sulphurque, patibulumque copiosius
Ructans, Magus quam tænias Bombycinas
Poteram, ut Agyrta Circulator, pilulas
Vomicas loqui, aut ἀποκολυνθίζειν *Styga;*

Aut

The Rebel Scot.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh Crew!
Then Madam Nature wears black Patches (too,
What ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the Bells backward; I am all on fire,
Not all the Buckets in a Country-Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a Comet's flaming Beard.
And where's the Stoick can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Country ſick of *Pym*'s diſeaſe;
By Scotch Invaſion to be made a prey
To ſuch Pig-Widgin Myrmidons as they?
But that there's Charm in Verſe, I would not quote
The Name of *Scot* without an Antidote;
Unleſs my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyſon too.
Were I a drowzy Judge, whoſe diſmal Note
Diſgorgeth Halters, as a Jugler's throat
Doth Ribbands? Could I in Sir Empericks tone
Speak Pills in phraſe and quack deſtruction,

Or

Aut ut Genevæ *ſtentores Perilleis*
Tartara & equuleos boare Pulpitis,
At machinatui par forem nunquam Scoto
Cunctis Sclopetis hiſce gutturalibus.
Ut digna Dii duint, vorem par eſt priùs,
Præſtigator ut ſicus & acinaces.

Huc, huc, Iambe, greſſibus faxo tuis,
At huc, Iambe morſibus faxo magis,
Satyræque tortrices tot huc adducite
Flagella, quot præſens meretur ſeculum.
Scoti *Veneficis pares; audax ſtylum*
Horum cruore tinge, ſic nocent minus;
Ut Martyres olim induebant belluis
(Quaſi ſitierent Rogis ſacros hypocritas)
En hos eodem Schemate, aut retro, Scotos,
Extra Scotos, *intus Feras, & ſine tropo.*
Fallax Jerna *viperæ nihil foves*
Scoto *Colono? Non ego* Britanniam
Lupis carentem dixerim, vivo Scoto.
Quin Thameſinus Pyrgopolinices Scotus
Poterat Leones, Tigrides, Urſos, Canes
Proprii Inquilinos pectoris ſpectaculo
Monſtraſſe, pro obolis omnibus quibus ſolet
Spectare Monſtra Cratis; & Fori ſimul

Pene

Or roar like *Marſhal* that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full.
Yet to expreſs a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe Mouth-Granados can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt like *Hocus*, ſwallow Daggers firſt.

Come keen Iambicks with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like bite till your Teeth do meet:
Help ye tart Satyriſts to imp my rage
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this Age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your Pen,
Scratch till the blood come, they'l not hurt you then.
Now as the Martyrs were enforc'd to take
The ſhapes of Beaſts, like Hypocrites at ſtake
I'll bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes;
A *Scot*, within a Beaſt, is no Diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſs Nation
Foſters no Venom ſince that *Scot*'s Plantation:
Nor can our feign'd Antiquity obtain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have ſhown
Within the Grate of his own Breaſt alone,
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſs'd
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt.

Pene ocreatum vulgus. Et patria Feras
Scotos, *eremum indicat terræ plaga.*
Vel omnipræsentem negans Deum, nisi
Veniſſet inde Carolus, *cohors niſi*
Craſordiana, *miles &* Montroſſeus,
Feritatis eluens notam paganicæ,
Hanc præſtitiſſet ſemiviclimam Deo.
Nec Scoticus *eſt totus Leopardus, Lea,*
Habens & Aram, ſicut Arcam fœderis,
Velut Tabellæ bifidis pictæ plicis
Fert Angelos pars hæc, & hæc Cacodæmonas.
Cui ſomniante Tartarum ſuaſit pavor
Sic pœnitere, viderat regnum velim
Nigrius Scotorum *ſemel, & eſſet innocens.*
Regio malignâ quæ facit votum prece,
Relegetur ad Gyaros breves nunquam Incola!
Puniſſet ubi Cainum *Nec exilio Deus,*
Sed, ut ille trechedipnum, magis domicænio.
Ut Gens vagans recutita, vel Contagium,
Aut Beelzebub, ſi des Ubiquitarium.
Hinc erro fit ſemper Scotus, *certos locos,*
Et hos, & illos quoſlibet cito nauſeans.
Ut fruſta diviſi Orbis & Topographicæ
Mendicitatis offulas, curtas nimis.
Ipſe Univerſitatis hæres integræ,
Et totus in toto, Natio Epidemica.

The honeſt high-ſhoes in their termly Fees,
Firſt to the Salvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotchmen Beaſts confeſs,
Making their Country ſuch a Wilderneſs;
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
God's Omnipreſence, but that *Charles* came thence;
But that *Montroſs* and *Crawford*'s Loyal Band
Atton'd their Sin, and Chriſtned half their Land.
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe Spots,
There is a Church as well as Kirk of *Scots*.
As in a Picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews Fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy Dream,
And in the Twy-light of his Phancie's Theme
Scar'd from his Sins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland* had turn'd Proſelite.
A Land where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer Baniſhment! (Doom,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc'd him wander but confin'd him home;
Like *Jews* they ſpread, and as Infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers and defie
This, or that place, Rags of Geography.
They'r Citizens oth' World, they'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical;

Nec gliſcet ergo jargonare Gallicè,
Exoticis aut Indicis modis, neque
Iberio nutu negare, nec ſtudet
Callere quem de Belgicis Hoghen Moghen
Venter tumens, aut barba Canthari refert
(Quæ coriatis una mens Noſtratibus)
Pugna eſt in animo, atque in patinâ Scoto;
Huic Struthioni ſuggeret cybum Chalybs
Et denti-ductior appetitus baltheo,
Pro more pendulos molares inſerit.
At interim noſtras quid involant dapes?
Serpens Edenum, *non* Edenburgum *appetit,*
Aut Angliæ, *cui jam malum eſt Hæmorrhois,*
Hæmatoptas bos poſteris meatibus
Naturæ medica ſuppoſuit hirudines,
Cruore ſatiendas licet noſtro prius,
Noſtro, ſed & cruore moribundas quoque.
Nec computo credant priori, nos item
Novum addituros, ſervitutem priſtinæ
Aliam, gemellam nuperæ, fraterculos
Palpare, quando caperant (charos nimis)
Suffragiorum ſcilicet Poppyſmata,
Et cruſtulam impertire, velut offam Cerbero
Subblandiens decreverat Senatulus.
Nos æra loculis? arma viſceribus prius
Indemus, uſque & uſque, vel capulo tenus.

And yet they ramble not to learn the Mode,
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh Shrug,
Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt in belly, or in beard,
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd)
No, the *Scots* Errant fight, and fight to eat, (Meat.
Their Oſtrich Stomachs make their Swords their
Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to ſtring their Teeth upon their Belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choice,
The Serpent's fatal ſtill to Paradiſe.
Sure *England* hath the Hemorrhoids, and theſe
On the North-poſtern of the Patient ſeize,
Like Leeches; thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our blood, but in the Cure ſhall burſt.

Let them not think to make us run oth' ſcore
To purchaſe Villenage, as once before
When an Act paſt to ſtroak them on the Head;
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Not Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*, a Prince that would reclaim

Seri videmus quo Scotum *tractes modo.*
Princeps Rebelli mitior tergo, quasi
Sellas equino detrahens, aptat suo.
At jus rapinas has defendit vetus?
Egyptus *ista perdit, aufert* Israel
An Bibliorum nescis hos Satellites
Prætorianis quicis Cohortibus (novæ
Hierusalem *triariis) Spes nititur*
Sororcularum? Cardo, Cardo vertitur
Cupediarum, primitiva Legis?
O bone Deus! quanti est carere linteis!
Orexis ut Borealis *& fames movet!*
Victuque, Vestibusque cassi, hinc Knoxio
Sutore simul & Knoxio utuntur Coquo,
Piè quod algeant, quod esuriant piè.
Larvas quin usque detrahas, & nummulis
Titulisque, ut animabus, subest fallacia.
Libræ & Barones (detumescant interim
Vocabulorum tympana) quanti valent!
Hic Cantianum pene, pene villicum,
Solidosque totos illa, sed gratis, dues.
Apage superbæ fraudulentiæ simul
Prosapiæ pictos, fide & pictos, procul:
Opprobrium Poetico vel stigmati,
Etiam Cruci Crux; non aliter Hyperbolus
Hyperscelestus Ostracismo fit pudor.

Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worſe,
Who ſadled his own back to ſhame his Horſe.

Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Egypt*'s Spoyl.
They are the Goſpel's Life-guard; but for them
(The Garriſon of New *Jeruſalem*) (Cauſe!
What would the Brethren do? The Cauſe! The
Sack-Poſſets, and the Fundamental Laws?

Lord! what a godly thing is want of Shirts!
How a Scotch Stomach and no Meat converts!
They wanted Food and Rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſs, and their Cook.
Unmask them well, their Honours and Eſtate,
As well as Conſcience, are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their Title and their Moneys poize,
A Laird and twenty pence pronounc'd with noiſe,
When conſtru'd but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſtors, get you gone.
You *Picts* in Gentry and Devotion.
You Scandal to the Stock of Verſe, a Race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.

Americanus *ille qui cœlum horruit,*
Quod Hispanorum *repat eò sed pars quota!*
Viderat in Orco si Scotos *(hui tot* Scotos!)
Roterodamus *pependerat medioximus.*
Sat Musa! semissa fercularia
Medullitus vorans, Diabolis invides
Propriam sibi suam Scoti, *paropsidem.*
Ut Berniclis enim Scoti; *sic Lucifer*
Saturatur ipsis Bernielatioribus.
Nam lapsus a furcâ Scotus, *mox & stygè*
Tinctus, suum novatur in Plant-Anserem.

The *Indian* that Heaven did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard ſome *Spaniards* were there;
Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between.
My Muſe hath done. A Voyder for the nonce,
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick their Bones;
That Diſh is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe,
Hell like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A *Scot* when from the Gallow-tree got looſe
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a *Soland* Gooſe.

The King's Diſguiſe.

AND why ſo coffin'd in this vile Diſguiſe, (eys?
That who but ſees blaſphemes thee with his
My Twins of Light within their Penthouſe ſhrink,
And hold it their Allegiance to wink.
O for a State-Diſtinction to Arraign
Charles of High-Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign!
What an Uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.
His muffled Feature ſpeaks him a Recluſe,
His Ruins prove him a Religious Houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his Beams from off his Lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royal Stamp.
Is't not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſcribe it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die
Without the Tincture of Tautology.
Flay an *Egyptian* for his Caſſock-skin
Spun of his Countrie's darkneſs, lin't within
With *Presbyterian* badge, that drowzy Trance
The Synod's ſable, foggy Ignorance.
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly *Negro* could
Roughcaſt thy Figure in a ſadder mold.

This

This Privy-Chamber of thy Garb would be
But the Close-Mourner to thy Royalty.
Then break the Circle of thy Taylor's Spell.
A Pearl within a rugged Oyster's Shell.
Heaven, which the Minster of thy Person owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations.
Like to a martyr'd Abbey's courser doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon-room;
Or like a College by the Changeling Rabble,
Manchester's Elves, transform'd into a Stable.
Or if there be a Prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacrilege of thine Attire;
By which th' art half depos'd, thou look'st like one
Whose Looks are under Sequestration:
Whose Renegado-form at the first glance,
Shews like the Self-denying Ordinance.
Angel of Light and Darkness too (I doubt)
Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without:
Majestick Twy-light in the state of Grace,
Yet with an Excommunicated Face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different Mint,
A Psalm of Mercy in a miscreant print.
The Sun wears Midnight; Day is beetle-brow'd,
And Lightning is in Kelder of a Cloud.
O the accurst Stenography of State!
The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat.

What Charm; what Magick vapour can it be
That checks his Rayes to this Apoſtaſie?
It is no ſubtil fi'm of Tiffany-air,
No Cobweb-Vizard (ſuch as Ladies wear;
When they are vail'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their Luſtre by their vanquiſh'd skreen.)
No, the falſe Scabberd of a Prince is tough,
And three pil'd darkneſs, like the ſmoaky ſlough
Of an impriſon'd flame; 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark Lanthorn to, our bright Meridian:
Hell belch'd the Damp, the *Warwick* Caſtle Vote
Rang *Britain*'s Curfeu, ſo our Light went out.
A black Offender ſhould he wear his Sin
For Penance, could not have a darker Skin.
His Viſage is not legible; the Letters
Like a Lord's Name writ in Phantaſtick Fetters.
Clothes where a *Switzer* might be buried quick;
Sure they would fit the Body Politick.
Falſe Beard enough to thatch a Poet's Plot
(For that's the Ambuſh of their Wit, God wot)
Nay all his Properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y' are not ith' Preſence, though the King be there.
A Libel is his Dreſs, a Garb uncouth,
Such as the Hue and Cry once purg'd at Mouth.
Scribling Aſſaſſinate! Thy Lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant Beaſt:

Whoſe

Whose Breath before 'tis syllabled for worse
Is Blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow Curse:
The *Laplanders* when they would sell a wind
Wafting to Hell, bag up thy Phrase and bind
It to the Barque, which at the Voyage end
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the Fiend.
But I'l not dub thee with a glorious Scar,
Nor sink thy Sculler with a Man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this slandering suit
Both do alike in Picture execute.
But since w'are all call'd Papists; why not date
Devotion to the Rags thus Consecrate?
As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
With *Sphynxes*, Creatures of an Antique draught,
And purling Portraitures, to shew that there
Riddles inhabited; the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
Clerk of this Closet to your Majesty;
Methinks in this your dark mysterious Dress,
I see the Gospel couch'd in Parables.
The second view my purblind phancy wipes,
And shews Religion in its dusky Types;
Such a Text Royal, so obscure a shade,
Was *Salomon* in *Proverbs* all array'd.

Come all the Brats of this Expounding Age
To whom the Spirit is in Pupilage:

You

You that damn more than ever *Sampſon* ſlew,
And with his Engine the ſame Jaw-bone too.
How is't he ſcapes your Inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bible's Livery?
Hence Cabinet-Intruders, Pick-Locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your *Briſtol*-ſence,
And Characters, like Witches, ſo torment,
Till they confeſs a Guilt, though Innocent.
Keys for this Cipher you can never get,
None but Saint *Peter*'s ope this Cabinet;
This Cabinet, whoſe Aſpect would benight
Critick Spectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen is leaſt. What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is moſt myſtical.
Mount then thou Shadow Royal, and with haſte
Advance thy Morning-Star, *Charles* overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange Journey contradictions twiſt,
And force fair Weather from a Scottiſh miſt.
Heavens Confeſſors are pos'd; thoſe Star-ey'd Sages
T' interpret an Eclipſe thus riding Stages.
Thus *Iſrael*-like he travels with a Cloud,
Both as a Conduct to him and a Shroud.
But O! He goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A League with mouldy bread and clouted ſhoes.

Rupertiſmus.

Rupertiſmus.

O That I could but vote my ſelf a Poet,
Or had the Legiſlative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors Militant could get
Dubb'd at adventure Verſer Banneret.
Or had I *Cocus* trick to make my Rhymes
Their own *Antipodes*, and track the times,
Faces about ſayes the Remonſtrant Spirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit.
Huntington-Colt that pos'd the Sage Recorder
Might be a Sturgeon now and paſs by Order.
Had I but *Elſing*'s Gift (that ſplay mouth'd Brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another:
Could I thus write aſquint, then Sir long ſince
You had been ſung a Great and Glorious Prince.
I had obſerv'd the Language of theſe dayes,
Blaſphem'd you, and then periwig'd the Phraſe
With humble ſervice, and ſuch other Fuſtian, (on
Bells which ring backward in this great Combuſti-
I had revil'd you, and without offence
The Literal and th' Equitable ſence
Would make it good. When all fails this will do't,
Sure that Diſtinction cleft the Devil's foot.

This

This were my Dialect, would your Highneſs pleaſe
To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles;
Interpret counter what is croſs rehears'd;
Libels are Commendations when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optique Glaſs contracts the Sight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
But you 're inchanted, Sir you 're doubly free
From the great Guns and Squibbing Poetry;
Whom neither *Bilbo*, nor Invention pierces,
Proof, even 'gainſt th' Artillery of Verſes,
Strange! That the Muſes cannot wound your Mail,
If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer where the Bonny *Beſſes*
Suppli'd the Bow-ſtrings with their twiſted Treſſes,
Your Spels could ne'r have ſenc'd you, ev'ry Arrow
Had lanc'd your noble Breaſt & drunk the Marrow:
For Beauty, like white Powder, makes no noiſe,
And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroys.
Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill Women too, nay Maids, and ſuch
Their General wants *Militis* to touch;
Impotent *Eſſex!* Is it not a ſhame
Our Commonwealth, like to a Turkiſh Dame,
Should have an Eunuch Guardian? May ſhe be
Raviſh'd by *Charles*, rather than ſav'd by thee.

But

But why, my Muſe, like a Green-ſickneſs Girl,
Feed'ſt thou on Coals and Dirt? A Gelding Earl
Gives no more reliſh to thy Female palate
Then to the Aſs did once the Thiſtle-Salat.
Then quit his barren Theme, and all at once
Thou and thy Siſters, like bright Amazons,
Give *Rupert* an *Alarum*. *Rupert!* one
Whoſe name is Wit's Superfœtation;
Makes Phancy, like Eternitie's round womb,
Unite all Valour paſt, preſent, to come.
He, who the old Philoſophy controuls,
That voted down Plurality of Souls.
He breaths a Grand Committee; all that were
The Wonders of their Age conſtellate here.
And as the Elder Siſters Growth and Senſe
(Souls paramount themſelves) in Man commence
But faculties of Reaſon Queen; no more
Are they to him, who was complete before,
Ingredients of his Virtues. Thread the Beads
Of *Cæſar*'s Acts, Great *Pompey*'s and the *Swedes*,
And 'tis a Bracelet fit for *Rupert*'s hand,
By which that vaſt triumvirat is ſpan'd.
Here, here is Palmeſtry; here you may read (bleed.
How long the World ſhall live, and when't ſhall
What every Man winds up that *Rupert* hath;
For Nature rais'd him on the Publick Faith.

Pandora's Brother, to make up whose ſtore
The Gods were fain to run upon the ſcore.
Such was the Painter's Brief for *Venus* Face,
Item an Eye from *Jane*, a Lip from *Grace*.
Let *Iſaac* and his Citz flay off the Plate.
That tips their Antlets, for their Calf of State.
Let the Zeal-twanging Noſe that wants a Ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his ſilver Bridge;
Yes and the Goſſip's Spoon augment the Sum,
Although poor *Caleb* loſe his Chriſtendom.
Rupert outweighs that in his Sterling ſelf,
Which their Self-want pays in Committee-pelf.
Pardon, Great Sir; for that ignoble Crew
Gains when made Bankrupt in the Scales with you.
As he who in his Character of Light
Styl'd it God's ſhadow, made it far more bright
By an Eclipſe ſo glorious (Light is dim,
And a black Nothing when compar'd with him)
So 'tis Illuſtrious to be *Rupert*'s foil,
And a juſt Trophee to be made his ſpoil.
I'll pin my Faith on the Diurnal's ſleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
The Conqueſts which the Common-Council hears
With their wide liſtning Mouth from the Great
That run away in Triumph; ſuch a Foe (Peers
Can make Men Victors in their Overthrow.

Where

Where Providence and Valour meet in one,
Courage ſo poiz'd with Circumſpection,
That he revives the Quarrel once again
Of the Soul's Throne; whether in Heart, or Brain,
And leaves it a drawn Match; whoſe fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His Trumpet, like the Angels at the laſt,
Makes the Soul riſe by a miraculous blaſt.
Was that Mount *Athos* carv'd in ſhape of Man,
As was deſign'd by th' *Macedonian*,
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous Land contain,
The left ſhould be a Channel to the Main;
His Spirit would inform th' *Amphibious* Figure,
And ſtraight laced ſweat for a Dominion bigger.
The terror of whoſe Name can out of ſeven,
Like *Falſtaff*'s Buckram-men, make fly eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
By being ſlain are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confeſs no loſs of men;
For *Rupert* knocks 'em till they gig again.
They fear the Giblets of his Train, they fear,
Even his Dog, that four-leg'd Cavalier.
He that devours the Scraps that *Lunſford* makes,
Whoſe Picture feeds upon a Child in ſtakes;
Who name but *Charles* he comes aloft for him;
But holds up his Malignant Leg at *Pym*:

'Gainſt whom they have theſe Articles in Souſe,
Firſt, that he barks againſt the Senſe o'th' Houſe;
Reſolv'd Delinquent; to the Tower ſtraight;
Either to th' Lyons, or the Biſhop's Grate.
Next for his ceremonious wag o'th' Tail;
But there the Siſterhood will be his Bail;
At leaſt the Counteſs with Luſt's *Amſterdam*,
That lets in all Religions of the Game.
Thirdly; he ſmells Intelligence; that's better
And cheaper too, than *Pym*'s from his own Letter,
Who's doubly paid (Fortune or we the blinder!)
For making Plots, and then for *Fox* the finder.
Laſtly; he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lie down he wheels about;
Makes Circles and is couchant in a Ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring. (quarter!
What canſt thou ſay, thou Wretch? O quarter!
I'm but an Inſtrument, a mere Sir *Arthur*:
If I muſt hang, O let not our Fates vary,
Whoſe Office 'tis alike to fetch and carry!
No hopes of a Reprieve; the mutinous ſtir,
That ſtrung the Jeſuit will diſpatch the Cur.
Were I a Devil, as the Rabble ſears,
I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Fowler* there! ah *Fowler*! 'ſt, 'tis nought,
What e'r the Accuſers cry, they're at default,

And

And *Glyn* and *Maynard* have no more to say,
Then when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at bay.
Thus Libels but amount to him we ſee
T' enjoy a Copyhold of Victory.
Saint *Peter's* ſhadow heal'd, *Rupert's* is ſuch
'Twould find Saint *Peter* work, and wound as much
He gags their Guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Cannons do but liſp and complement.
Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get this *Perſeus*; hence the fatal power
Of Shot is ſtrangled; Bullets thus allied
Fear to commit an Act of Paricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the World confeſs,
Thou art the greater World, and that the leſs.
Scatter th' accumulative King; untruſs
That five-fold Fiend the State's *Smectymnuus*,
Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,
As in their *Phylacters* the *Jews* did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe, and a modeſt word,
Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
Your Name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his prayers,
And cure the Chin-cough better than the Bears.
Old *Sibils* Charm Toothach with you, the Nurſe
Makes you ſtill Children, and the pond'rous Curſe
The Clown ſalutes with is deriv'd from you,
Now *Rupert* take thee Rogue, how doſt thou do?

In fine the Name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheelbarrow.

Upon Sir *Thomas Martin* who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus,

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, when there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a Flag and gather pence a piece.
Which *Africk* never bred, nor ſwelling *Greece*
With Stories Tympany; a Beaſt ſo rare,
No Lecturer's wrought Cap, or *Barthol'mew* Fair
Can match him, Nature's Whimſey that outvies
Tredeſcant and his Ark of Novelties;
The *Gog* and *Magog* of Prodigious Sights;
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas* Knights.
But is this Bigamy of Titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſſachar couchant'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrap'd up in thy warlike-leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orſon* bound together.

Spur's

Spur's Repreſentative, thou that art able
To be a Voyder to King *Arthur*'s Table;
Who in this Sacrilegious Maſs of all,
It ſeems, has ſwallow'd *Winſor*'s Hoſpital.
Pair Royal, headed *Cerberus* his Coſin;
Hercules Labors were a Baker's dozen,
Had he but trump'd on thee, whoſe forked neck
Might well have anſwer'd at the Font for *Smee*.
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood ly?
Metal on Metal is falſe Heraldry.
And yet the known *Godfry* of *Bouloign*'s Coat
Shines in Exception to the Herald's Vote.
Great Spirits move not by Pedantick Laws,
Their Actions, though Eccentrick, ſtate the Cauſe.
And *Priſcian* bleeds with honour. *Ceſar* thus
Subſcrib'd two Conſuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded-Squire, ſcarce Yeoman high,
Is *Tom* twice dipp'd; Knight of a double die?
Fond man, whoſe Fate is in his Name betray'd;
It is the ſetting Sun doubles his ſhade:
But it's no matter; for amphibious he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

The General Eclipse.

Ladies that guild the glittering Noon,
And by Reflection mend his Ray,
Whose Beauty makes the sprightly Sun
To dance, as upon Easter-day;
What are you now the Queen's away?

Courageous Eagles, who have whet
Your Eyes upon Majestick Light,
And thence deriv'd such Martial heat,
That still your Looks maintain the Fight;
What are you since the King's Goodnight?

Cavalier-buds, whom Nature teems,
As a Reserve for *England*'s Throne,
Spirits whose double edge redeems
The last Age, and adorns your own;
What are you now the Prince is gone?

As an obstructed Fountain's head
Cuts the Intail off from the Streams,
And Brooks are disinherited;
Honour and Beauty are mere Dreams,
Since *Charles* and *Mary* lost their Beams.

Criminal

Criminal Valors! who commit
Your Gallantry, whose *Pæan* brings
A Pſalm of Mercy after it;
In this ſad Solſtice of the King's,
Your Victory hath mew'd her wings.

See how your Souldier wears his Cage
Of Iron, like the Captive Turk,
And as the Guerdon of his Rage!
See how your glimmering Peers do lurk,
Or at the beſt work Journey-work!

Thus 'tis a General Eclipſe,
And the whole World is al-a-mort;
Only the Houſe of Commons trips
The Stage in a Triumphant ſort,
Now e'n *John Lilburn* take 'em for't.

SECT. III.

Containing MISCELLANIES.

Upon Princeſs Elizabeth *born the Night before New-Year's Day.*

ASTrologers ſay, *Venus*, the ſelf ſame Star
Is both our *Heſperus* and *Lucifer*;
The Antitype, this *Venus* makes it true,
She ſhuts the old Year, and begins the new.
Her Brother with a Star at Noon was born,
She like a Star both of the Eve and Morn.
Count o'r the Stars, fair Queen, in Babes, and vie
With every Year a new Epiphany.

Upon

Upon a Miſer who made a great Feaſt, and the next day died for Grief.

NOr ſcapes he ſo; our Dinner was ſo good
My liquoriſh Muſe cannot but chew the Cud,
And what delight ſhe took in th' Invitation
Strives to taſt o'r again in this Relation.
After a tedious Grace in *Hopkin*'s Rhyme,
Not for Devotion, but to take up time,
March'd the Train'd-Band of Diſhes, uſher'd there
To ſhew their Poſtures, and then as they were:
For he invites no Teeth, perchance the Eye
He will afford, the Lover's Gluttony.
Thus is our Feaſt a Muſter, not a Fight,
Our Weapon's not for Service, but for Sight.
But are we Tantaliz'd? Is all this Meat
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?
Th' Aſtrologers keep ſuch Houſes when they ſup
On Joynts of *Taurus*, or the heavenly Tup.
What ever Feaſts he made are ſumm'd up here,
His Table vies not ſtanding with his Cheer;
His Churchings, Chriſtnings; in this Meal are all,
And not tranſcrib'd, but in th' Original.
Chriſtmaſs is no Feaſt moveable; for lo,
The ſelf ſame Dinner was ten years ago!

'Twill

'Twill be immortal, if it longer ſtay,
The Gods will eat it for *Ambroſia*.
But ſtay a while; unleſs my Whinyard fail,
Or is inchanted, I'll cut off the Intail.
Saint *George* for *England* then! have at the Mutton,
Where the firſt cut calls me blood-thirſty Glutton.
Stout *Ajax* with his anger-codled brain
Killing a Sheep thought *Agamemnon* ſlain;
The Fiction's now prov'd true, wounding the Roſt,
I lamentably Butcher up mine Hoſt.
Such Sympathy is with his Meat, my Weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
Cut a Gooſe Leg, and the poor Fool for mone
Turns Cripple too, and after ſtands on one.
Have you not heard th' abominable ſport
A *Lancaſter* Grand-Jury will report?
The Souldier with his *Morglay* watch'd the Mill,
The Cats they came to feaſt when luſty *Will*
Whips off great Puſſes Leg, which (by ſome Charm)
Proves the next day ſuch an old Woman's Arm.
It's ſo with him, whoſe carcaſs never ſcapes,
But ſtill we ſlaſh him in a thouſand ſhapes,
Our Serving-men (like Spanniels) range to ſpring
The Fowl which he had cluck'd under his wing.
Should he on Woodcock, or on Widgeon feed
It were, *Thyeſtes*-like, on his own Breed.

To Pork he pleads a Superſtition due,
But we ſubſcribe neither to *Seot*, nor *Jew*.
No Liquor ſtirs; call for a Cup of Wine;
'Tis Blood we drink, we pledge thee *Catiline*.
Sawces we ſhould have none, had he his wiſh;
The Oranges ith' Margin of his Diſh.
He with ſuch Huckſter's care tells o'r and o'r,
Th' *Heſperian* Dragon never watch'd them more.
But being eaten now into deſpair,
(Having nought elſe to do) he falls to prayer.
Thou that didſt once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'd thine *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my Rump, great *Jove*, allay my grief,
O ſpare me this, this Monumental Beef!
But no *Amen* was ſaid; ſee ſee it comes; (Drums.
Draw Boyes, let Trumpets ſound, and ſtrike up
See how his Blood doth with the Gravy ſwim,
And every Trencher hath a Limb of him. (deeper,
The Ven'ſon's now in view, our Hounds ſpend
Strange Deer which in the Paſty hath a Keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his Gueſt,
As he had ſtol't alive, to ſteal it dreſt!
The ſcent was hot, and we purſuing faſter
Than *Ovid*'s Pack of Dogs e'r chas'd their Maſter,
A double prey at once we ſeize upon,
Acteon, and his Caſe of Veniſon.

Thus

Thus was he torn alive, to vex him worſe,
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond Courſe.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd only to ſave his Meat.
Laſtly; we did devour that Corps of His
Throughout all *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*.

On the Memory of Mr. Edward King *drown'd in the* Iriſh *Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial Grief who ſcans his eyes.
Mine weep down pious Beads; but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no Poet here; my Pen's the Spout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
In pity of that Name, whoſe Fate we ſee
Thus copied out in Grief's Hydrography.
The Muſes are not Mer-mayds, though upon
His Death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
The Sea's too rough for Verſe; who rhymes upon't
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter th' *Helleſpont*.
My Tears will keep no Channel, know no Laws
To guide their ſtreams, but like the waves, their cauſe

Run

Run with disturbance, till they swallow me
As a Description of his Misery.
But can his spatious Virtue find a Grave
Within the Impostum'd bubble of a Wave?
Whose Learning if we sound, we must confess
The Sea but shallow, and him bottomless.
Could not the Winds to countermand thy death
With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or some new Island in thy rescue peep
To heave thy Resurrection from the Deep;
That so the World might see thy safety wrought
With no less wonder than thy self was thought?
The famous *Stagirite* (who in his life
Had Nature as familiar as his Wife)
Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee
Queen Dowager of all Philosophy.
An ominous Legacy, that did portend
Thy Fate, and Predecessor's second end.
Some have affirm'd that what on Earth we find,
The Sea can parallel for shape and kind.
Books, Arts and Tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an University.
We'll dive no more for Pearls; the hope to see
Thy sacred Reliques of Mortality
Shall welcome Storms, and make the Seaman prize
His Shipwrack now more than his Merchandize.

He shall embrace the Waves, and to thy Tomb,
As to a Royaler Exchange shall come.
What can we now expect? Water and Fire,
Both Elements our ruin do conspire;
And that dissolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries must toss
To understand the greatness of our Loss;
Be Pupils to our Grief, and so much grow
In Learning, as our Sorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our Eyes
We'll issue't forth, and vent such Elegies,
As that our Tears shall seem the *Irish* Seas,
We floating Islands, living *Hebrides*.

An Elegy upon the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muse to give my Passion vent,
He brews his Tears that studies to lament.
Verse chymically weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd by Art is but the sweat o'th' Brain.
Who ever sob'd in Numbers? Can a Groan
Be quaver'd out in soft Division?

'Tis

'Tis true, for common formal Elegies
Not *Bushel's* Wells can Match a Poet's Eyes
In wanton Water-Works; he'll tune his Tears
From a *Geneva*-Jig up to the Spheres:
But then he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit Head is our own Roof,
Now that the Fate is Publick, (we may call
It *Britain's* Vespers, *England's* Funeral)
Who hath a Pencil to express the Saint,
But he hath Eyes too washing off the Paint?
There is no Learning but what Tears surround,
Like to *Seth's* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
So much of late that she's encreast to none.
Like an Hydropick Body full of Rheumes,
First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
The Law is dead, or cast into a Trance,
And by a Law dough-bak'd an Ordinance.
The Liturgy, whose doom was voted next,
Di'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
There's nothing lives, Life is, since he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus you have seen Death's Inventory read,
In the Summ total *Canterbury's* dead.
A sight would make a *Pagan* to baptize
Himself a Convert in his bleeding Eyes.

Would thaw the Rabble, that fierce Beast of ours,
That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours
Tears that flow brackish from their Souls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their Sin.
Mean time no squalid Grief his Look defiles,
He guilds his sadder Fate with nobler Smiles.
Thus the World's Eye with reconciled Streams
Shines in his showers, as if he wept his beams.
How could Success such Villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*,
The Twins of publick rage, adjudg'd to die
For Treasons they should act by Prophecie.
The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
The Trump turn'd up after the Game was play'd.
Be dull great Spirits, and forbear to climb;
For Worth is Sin, and Eminence a Crime.
No Church-man can be Innocent and High,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* Steeple stand awry.

Epita-

Epitaphium *Thomæ Spell* Coll. Divi *Johannis Præsidis.*

HIc jacet *Quamillum Quanti*,
Ille, quatenus potuit mori
Thomas Spellus:
Fuit nomen, erit Epitheton.
Posthumus sibi perennabit, idem
Olim & olim.
Ille qui sibi futurus Posteri,
Ut esse poterat Majores sui,
Honestis quicquid debuit Natalibus
Maclus in se se; disputandus utrum
Sui magis, an ex Patrum traduce;
Quem vitæ Drama Mitionem dedit;
Qui verba protulit, ut Alcedo pullos
Omine pacis;
Quocum sepulta jacet Urbanitas,
Et Malaci mores tanquam Solduriі
Commoriuntur.
Pauperum Scipio, *& amor omnium.*
Collegii Coagulum, Honorum Climax,
Scholaris, Socius, Senior, Præses,
Et Pastor gregis in cruce providus.
Oculos à flendo non moror amplius.
Vixit.

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Veſpers,
And the wild Forreſter couch'd on the ground;
Venus invited me in th' Evening Whiſpers
Unto a fragrant Field with Roſes crown'd;
Where ſhe before had ſent
My Wiſhes Complement,
Unto my Heart's content
Play'd with me on the Green;
Never *Mark Anthony*
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Egyptian* Queen.

Firſt on her cherry Cheeks I mine Eyes feaſted,
Thence fear of Surfeiting made me retire;
Next on her warmer Lips, which when I taſted
My duller Spirits made me active as fire;
Then we began to dart,
Each at another's Heart,
Arrows that knew no ſmart;
Sweet Lips and Smiles between.
Never *Mark*, &c.

Wanting a Glaſs to plate her Amber Treſſes,
Which like a Bracelet rich decked mine Arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* wears, when as ſhe Graces
Jove with Embraces more ſtately, than warm;
Then did ſhe peep in mine
Eyes humour Chryſtalline
I in her Eyes was ſeen,
As if we one had been.
Never *Mark*, &c.

Myſtical Grammar of Amorous Glances;
Feeling of Pulſes, the Phyſick of Love,
Rhetorical Courtings and Muſical Dances,
Numbring of Kiſſes Arithmetick prove
Eyes, like Aſtronomy,
Straight-limb'd Geometry
In her Art's Ingeny,
Our Wits were ſharp and keen.
Never *Mark Anthony*
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Egyptian* Queen,

The Author's Mock-Song to Mark Anthony.

When as the Nightingale ſang *Pluto*'s *Mattins*,
And *Cerberus* cri'd three *Amens* at a Howl,
When Night-wandring Witches put on their Pattns,
Midnight as dark as their Faces are Foul:
Then did the Furies doom
That the Night-Mare was come;
Such a miſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy *Sus*,
As this ſoul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her Goosberry Cheeks I mine eys Blaſted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her Blewer Lips, which when I Taſted
My Spirits were duller than Dun in the Mire;
But when her Breath took place,
Which went an Uſher's pace,
And made way for her Face,
You may gueſs what I mean.
Never did, *&c.*

Like

Like Snakes engendring were platted her Treſſes,
Or like to ſlimy ſtreaks of Ropy Ale;
Uglier than Envy wears, when ſhe confeſſes
Her Head is periwig'd with Adder's Tail.
But as ſoon as ſhe ſpake,
I heard a Harſh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my Miſtake,
Her Head is Epicene.
Never did, &c.

Myſtical Magick of Conjuring Wrinckles;
Feeling of Pulſes, the Palmſtry of Hags,
Scolding out Belches for Rhetorick Twinckles,
With three Teeth in her Head like to three Gags:
Rainbows about her Eyes,
And her Noſe Weather-wiſe,
From them the Almanack lies,
Froſt, Pond and Rivers clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy *Sus*,
As this ſoul Gypſie Quean.

How the Commencement grows new.

'TIs no *Currant*-News I undertake, (make,
New Teacher of the Town I mean not to
No *New-England* Voyage my Muſe does intend,
No new Fleet, no bald Fleet, nor bonny Fleet ſend:
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear out this Ditty,
I'll tell you ſome News as True and as Witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Simony-Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away forty pound: (per
They'l now in their Wives Stammel Pettticoats va-
Without any need of an Argument-Draper;
Beholding to none, he neither beſeeches
This Friend for Ven'ſon, nor t'other for Speeches,
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day the Teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter-book to Chaffer:
Nay ſome take Degrees, who never had Steeple,
Whoſe Means, like Degrees, come from Placers of
They come to the Fair, & at the firſt pluck, (people.
The Toll-man *Barnaby* ſtrikes 'um good luck,
And ſo, *&c.*

The

The Country Parſons they do not come up
On Tueſday Night in their own College to Sup;
Their Bellies and Table-Books equally full,
The next Lecture-Dinner their Notes forth to pull:
How bravely the *Marg'ret*-Profeſſor Diſputed,
The Homilies urg'd, and the School-men Confuted?
And ſo, *&c.*

The Inceptor brings not his Father, the Clown,
To look with his Mouth at his *Grogoram* Gown;
With like Admiration to eat Roſted Beef,
Which Invention pos'd his Beyond-*Trent*-Belief;
Who ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound,
Could ſcarce keep his Hoof from *Sellenger*'s Round,
And ſo, *&c.*

The Gentleman comes not to ſhew us his Satin, (tin;
To look with ſome Judgment at him that ſpeaks La-
To be angry with him that makes not his Cloaths
To anſwer, O Lord Sir, and talk Play-book-oaths,
And at the next Bear-baiting (full of his Sack)
To tell his Comrades our Diſcipline's ſlack.
And ſo, *&c.*

We have no Prevaricator's Wit.
Ay, marry Sir, when have you had any yet?

Beſides no ſerious *Oxford* man comes
To cry down the uſe of Jeſting and Hums
Our Ballad (believe't) is no ſtranger than true;
Mum Salter is Sober, and *Jack Martin* too.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Square-Cap.

COme hither *Apollo*'s Bouncing Girl,
And in a whole Hippocrene of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our Brains do whirl,
Tuning our Pipes to make our ſelves merry;
A *Cambridge*-Laſs, *Venus*-like, born of the Froth
Of an old half fill'd Jug of Barly-Broth,
She, ſhe is my Miſtreſs, her Suitors are many,
But ſhe'll have a Square-Cap, if e'r ſhe have any.
(comes
And firſt, for the Pluſh-ſake, the *Monmouth*-Cap
Shaking his Head, like an empty Bottle,
With his new-fangled Oath by *Jupiter*'s Thumbs,
That to her Health he'll begin a pottle:
He tells her, that after the Death of her Grannam
She ſhall have God knows what *per Annum*.
But ſtill ſhe replied, Good Sir *La-bee*,
If ever I have a Man Square-Cap for me.

Then

Then *Calot* Leather-Cap ſtrongly pleads
And fain would derive his Pedigree of faſhion.
The *Antipodes* were their Shoes on their Heads,
And why may not we in their Imitation:
Oh! how the Foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſs'd on Sir *Thomas* his Lees:
But ſtill ſhe replied Good Sir *La-bee*
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a Wrought-Cap,
With a long-waſted Conſcience towards a Siſter,
And making a Chappel of Eaſe of her Lap;
Firſt he ſaid Grace, and then he kiſs'd her:
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text;
Then falls he to uſe and Application next,
But then ſhe replied your Text Sir I'll be;
For then I'm ſure you'l ne'r handle me.

But ſee where Sattin-Cap ſcouts about,
And fain would this Wench in his Fellowſhip marry,
He told her how ſuch a Man was not put out,
Becauſe his Wedding he cloſely did carry,
He'll purchaſe Induction by Simony,
And offers her Money her Incumbent to be,
But ſtill ſhe replied, Good Sir *La-bee*,
If ever, I have a Man Square-Cap for me.

The

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his Round Cap,
Nor in their Fallacies are they divided.
The one Milks the Pocket, the other the Tap,
And yet this Wench he fain would have Brided:
Come leave theſe thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me Livery and Seiſin of thee.
But peace *John-a Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
For I never will be your Impropriation:
I pray you therefore, Good Sir *La-bee*;
For if ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

The

The Character of a Country-Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequeſtrator.

A Committee-man by his Name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed, there is number enough in it to make an Epithet for *Legion*. He is *Perſona in concreto* (to borrow the Soleciſm of a Modern Stateſman.) You may tranſlate it by the *Red-Bull* Phraſe, and ſpeak as properly, Enter ſeven Devils *ſolus*. It is a well truſs'd Title that contains both the Number and the Beaſt; for a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude, he muſt be ſpell'd with Figures, like Antichriſt wrapp'd in a Pair-Royal of Sixes. Thus the Name is as monſtrous as the Man, a complex notion, of the ſame Lineage with Accumulative Treaſon. For his Office it is the Heptarchy, or *England*'s Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the Miracle of Loaves, the Voyder exceeds the Bill of Fare. The Pope and he ring the Changes; here is the Plurality of Crowns

to

to one Head, joyn them together and there is a Harmony in Diſcord. The Triple-headed Turn-key of Heaven with the Tripleheaded Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the Reliques of Regal Government, but, like Holy Reliques, he outbulks the Subſtance whereof he is a Remnant. There is a ſcore of Kings in a Committee, as in the Reliques of the Croſs there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that wields the Scepter; the Tyrannical Bead-Roll by which the Kingdom prays backward, and at every Curſe drops a Committee man. Let *Charles* be wav'd, whoſe condeſcending Clemency aggravates the Defection, and make *Nero* the Queſtion, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is leſs Execution by a ſingle Bullet, than by Caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committee man is a party-colour'd Officer. He muſt be drawn like *Janus* with Croſs and Pile in his Countenance; as he relates to the Souldiers, or faces about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him Martially, and he is a Juſtice of War, one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the beſt Commanders. He is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he ſhares in the

the Government, though a *Non*-conformiſt to his bleeding Rubrick. He is the like Sectary in Arms, as the Platonick is in Love, keeps a fluttering in Diſcourſe, but proves a Haggard in the Action. He is not of the Souldiers and yet of his Flock. It is an Emblem of the Golden Age (and ſuch indeed he makes it to him) when ſo tame a Pigeon may converſe with Vultures. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman have an Anagram Reſemblance. There is no Syntax between a Cap of Maintenance and a Helmet. Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left-handed Garriſon where their Authority perches; but the more prepoſterous the more in faſhion; the right hand fights while the left rules the Reigns. The truth is the Souldier and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancha Pancha*, one fights at all Adventures to purchaſe the other the Government of the Iſland. A Committee-man properly ſhould be the Governour's Matreſs to fit his Truckle, and to new-ſtring him with ſinews of War; for his chief uſe is to raiſe Aſſeſsments in the Neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country people being like an *Iriſh* Cow

Cow that will not give down her Milk, unleſs ſhe ſee her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garriſon's Dry-Nurſe, he chews their Contribution before he feeds them; ſo the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus* by picking the Teeth of this ſacred Crocodile.

So much for his Warlike or Ammuniti-on-Face, which is ſo preternatural, that it is rather a Vizard than a Face; *Mars* in him hath but a blinking Aſpect, his Face of Arms is like his Coat, *Partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman much of a ſcantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing Face, a ſqueezing Look, like that of *Veſpaſianus*, as if he were bleeding over a Cloſe-ſtool.

Take him thus, and he is in the Inquiſition of the Purſe an Authentick Gypſie, that nips your Bung with a Canting Ordinance: not a murthered Fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the Touch of this Malefactor. He is the Spleen of the Body Politick that ſwells it ſelf to the Conſumption of the Whole. At firſt indeed he Ferreted for the Parliament, but ſince he hath got off his Cope he ſet up for himſelf. He lives upon the Sins of the People, and that is a good ſtanding Diſh too. He verifies the Axiom, *Iiſdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*;

componitur; his Diet is ſuitable to his Conſtitution. I have wondred often why the plundred Country-men ſhould repair to him for ſuccour; certainly it is under the ſame Notion, as one whoſe Pockets are pick'd goes to *Mal Cut-purſe*, as the Predominant in that Faculty.

He out-dives a Dutch man, gets a Noble of him that was never worth ſix pence; for the pooreſt do not eſcape, but Dutch-like, he will be dreyning even in the drieſt Ground. He aliens a Delinquent's Eſtate with as little Remorſe, as his other Holineſs gives away an Heretick's Kingdom; and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of Infallibility. *Lye* is the Grand Salad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-chamber and the High-Commiſſion; for thoſe Courts are not extinct, they ſurvive in him, like Dollars changed into ſingle Money. To ſpeak the truth, he is the Univerſal Tribunal: for ſince theſe Times all Cauſes fall to his Cognizance; as in a great Infection all Diſeaſes turn oft to the Plague. It concerns our Maſters the Parliament to look about them; if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to ſwallow the Pike, as the Intereſt often eats out the Principal. As his Commands are great, ſo he

looks for a Reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your Hat, and to say, Right his due, but by the same Title as the upper Garment is the Vails of the Executioner. There was a time when such Cattel would hardly have been taken upon suspicion for Men in office, unless the old Proverb were renewed, That the Beggars make a Free Company, and those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together. Look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some Threds of Charity. But oh, they are *Termagants* in Conjunction! like Fidlers, who are Rogues when they go single, and joyn'd in Consort, Gentlemen Musicianers. I care not much if I untwist my Committee-man, and so give him the Receit of this Grand *Catholicon*.

Take a State-martyr, one that for his good Behaviour hath paid the Excise of his Ears, so suffered Captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money; next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King because he is a Gentleman, transgressing the *Magna Charta* of Delving *Adam*. Add to these a Mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his false Weights with some Scruples of Conscience, and with his peremptory Scales can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekel*. These

Theſe with a new blew ſtockin'd Juſtice, lately made of a good Basket-hilted Yeoman, with a ſhort-handed Clerk, tack'd to the Rear of him to carry the Knapſack of his Underſtanding; together with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whoſe Religion, like their Gentility, is the Extract of their Acres; being therefore Spiritual, becauſe they are Earthly; not forgetting the Man of the Law, whoſe Corruption gives the Hogan to the ſincere Juncto. Theſe are the Simples of this Precious Compound; a kind of Dutch Hotch-Potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

The Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a Setter, hight a Sequeſtrator, of whom you may ſay, as of the Great *Sultan's* Horſe, where he treads the Graſs grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the publick, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorant's Property, a Rope to ſtrengthen the Gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtratour! He is the Devil's Nut-hook, the Sign with him is always in the Clutches. There are more Monſters retain to him, than to all the Limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrange Phyſicians do not apply him to the Soles of the Feet in a deſperate Fever, he draws far

beyond Pigeons. I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth drawer once removed; here is the difference, one applauds the Grinder, the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poet's Deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a Humane Viſage. Death himſelf cannot quit ſcores with him; like the Demoniack in the Goſpel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the Holy Water ſhed by Widows and Orphans a ſufficient Exorciſm to diſpoſſeſs him. Thus the Cat ſucks your breath, and the Fiend your blood; nor can the Brotherhood of Witch-finders, ſo ſagely inſtituted with all their Terrour, wean the Familiars.

But once more to ſingle out my emboſs'd Committee-man; his Fate (for I know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the Withers by a Committee of Examinations, and ſo the Spunge weeps out the Moiſture which he had ſoaked before; or elſe he meets his Paſſing-peal in the clamorous Mutiny of a Gut-foundred Garriſon: for the Hedge-ſparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he miſtake his Commons and bites off her head. What-ever it is, it is within his deſert: for what is obſerved of

ſome

ſome Creatures, that at the ſame time they Trade in productions three Stories high, Suckling the firſt, Big with the ſecond and Clicketing for the third: a Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his Miſchief is Superfetation, a certain Scale of Deſtruction; for he ruines the Father, beggars the Son, and ſtrangles the hopes of all Poſterity.

The Character of a Diurnal-maker.

A Diurnal-maker is the Sub-almoner of Hiſtory, Queen *Mabs* Regiſter, one whom, by the ſame Figure that a North-country Pedlar is a Merchant-man, you may ſtyle an Author. It is like over-reach of Language, when every Thin, Finder-cloak'd Quack muſt be called a Doctor; when a clumſie Cobler uſurps the Attribute of our Engliſh Peers and is vamp'd a Tranſlator. Liſt him a Writer, and you ſmother *Geoffry* in Swabber-ſlops; the very name of Dabler over-ſets him; he is ſwallowed up in the phraſe, like Sir *S.L.* in a great Saddle, nothing to be ſeen, but the Giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the

Epithet, like the little Negro mounted upon an Elephant, juſt ſuch another Blot Rampant. He has not Stuffings ſufficient for the Reproach of a Scribler; but it hangs about him like an old Wifes Skin, when the Fleſh hath forſaken her, lank and looſe. He defames a good Title as well as moſt of our Modern Noble Men; thoſe Wens of Greatneſs, the Body Politick's moſt peccant Humours, Bliſtred into Lords. He hath ſo Raw-bon'd a Being, that however you render him, he rubs it out and makes Rags of the Expreſſion. The ſilly Country-man, who ſeeing an Ape in a Scarlet-coat, bleſs'd his young Worſhip, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his Houſe, did not ſlander his Complement with worſe Application, than he that names this Shred an Hiſtorian. To call him an Hiſtorian is to knight a Mandrake: 'tis to view him through a Perſpective, and by that groſs *Hyperbole* to give the Reputation of an Engineer to a Maker of Mouſe-traps. Such an Hiſtorian would hardly paſs muſter with a Scotch Stationer in a Sieveful of Ballads and Godly Books. He would not ſerve for the Breaſt-plate of a begging Grecian. The moſt cramp'd *Compendium* that the Age hath ſeen ſince all Learning hath been almoſt torn into

Ends.

Ends, outſtrips him by the Head. I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never ſaw of their Writings before. There goes a Report of the *Holland* Women, that together with their Children, they are delivered of a *Sooterkin*, not unlike to a Rat, which ſome imagine to be the Off-ſpring of the Stoves. I know not what *Ignis fatuus* adulterates the Preſs but it ſeems much after that faſhion, elſe how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a Legitimate Writer; when thoſe weekly Fragments ſhall paſs for Hiſtory, let the poor man's Box be entituled the Exchequer, and the Alms-basket a Magazine. Not a Worm that gnaws on the dull Scalp of Voluminous *Hollinſhed*, but at every Meal devour'd more Chronicle, than his Tribe amounts to. A Marginal Note of *W. P.* would ſerve for a Winding-ſheet, for that man's Works, like thick-skinn'd Fruits, are all Rinde, fit for nothing but the Authors Fate to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cook, who ſerv'd up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the Frolick) might have lapp'd up ſuch an Hiſtorian as this in the Bill of Fare. He is the firſt Tincture and Rudiment of a Writer, dipp'd as yet in the preparative Blew, like an Almannack

Well-willer. He is the Cadet of a Pamphleteer, the Pedee of a Romancer; he is the Embryo of a Hiſtory ſlink'd before Maturity. How ſhould he Record the Iſſues of Time, who is himſelf an Abortive? I will not ſay but that he may paſs for an Hiſtorian in *Garbier*'s Academy; he is much of the ſize of thoſe Knot-graſs Profeſſors. What a pitiful Seminary was there projected! yet ſutable enough to the preſent Univerſities, thoſe dry Nurſes, which the Providence of the Age has ſo fully reform'd, that they are turn'd Reformado's: But that's no matter, the meanner the better. It is a Maxim obſervable in theſe days, That the only way to win the Game is to play Petty *Johns*. Of this number is the Eſquire of the Quill; for he hath the Grudging of Hiſtory, and ſome Yawnings accordingly. Writing is a Diſeaſe in him, and holds like a Quotidian; ſo 'tis his Infirmity that makes him an Author, as *Mahomet* was beholding to the Falling-ſickneſs to vouch him a Prophet. That nice Artificer, who filed a Chain ſo thin and light, that a Flea could trail it (as if he had work'd Short hand, and taught his Tools to Cypher) did but contrive an Emblem for this Skip-Jack and his ſlight productions.

Methinks

Methinks the Turk ſhould licenſe Diurnals, becauſe he prohibits Learning and Books. A Library of Diurnals is a Wardrobe of Frippery; 'tis a juſt *Idea* of a *Limbo* of the Infants. I ſaw one once that could write with his Toes, by the ſame token I could have wiſhed he had worn his Copies for Socks; 'tis he without doubt from whom the Diurnals derive their Pedigree, and they have a Birth right accordingly, being ſhuffled out at the bed's feet of Hiſtory. To what infinite numbers an Hiſtorian would multiply, ſhould he ſcramble into Elves of this Profeſſion? To ſupply this ſmalneſs they are fain to joyn Forces, ſo they are not ſingly but as the Cuſtom is in a Croaking Committee. They tug at the Pen, like ſlaves at the Oar, a whole Bank together; they write in the Poſture that the *Swedes* gave fire in, over one another's heads. It is ſaid there is more of them go to a Suit of Cloaths than to a *Britannicus*: in this Polygamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine whoſe Iſſue is Lawfully begotten.

And here I think it it were not amiſs to take a particular how he is accoutred, and ſo do by him as he in his *Siquis* for the Wall-ey'd Mare, or the Crop Flea-bitten, give you the Marks of the Beaſt. I begin with

with his Head, which is ever in Clouts, as if the Night-cap ſhould make *Affidavit*, that the Brain was pregnant. To what purpoſe doth the *Pia Mater* lie in ſo dully in her white Formalities: ſure ſhe hath had hard Labour; for the Brows have ſqueezed for it, as you may perceive by his Butter'd Bon-grace, that Film of a Demicaſtor; 'tis ſo thin and unctuous that the Sun-beams miſtake it for a Vapour, and are like to Cap him; ſo it is right Heliotrope, it creaks in the Shine and flaps in the Shade: whatever it be, I wiſh it were able to call in his ears. There's no proportion betwe[illegible] that Head and Appurtenances; thoſe of all Lungs are no more fit for that ſmall Noddle of the Circumciſion, than Braſs Boſſes for a *Geneva*-Bible. In what a puzzling Neutrality is the poor Soul that moves betwixt two ſuch ponderous Biaſſes? His Collar is edg'd with a piece of peeping Linnnen, by which he means a Band; 'tis the Forlorn of his Shirt crawling out of his Neck: indeed it were time that his Shirt were jogging; for it has ſerv'd an Apprentiſhip and (as Apprentices uſe) it hath learned its Trade too, to which effect 'tis marching to the Paper-mill, and the next week ſets up for it ſelf in the ſhape of a Pamphlet. His Gloves are the ſhavings of his

his Hands; for he caſts his Skin like a cancell'd Parchment. The Itch repreſents the broken Seals. His Boots are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawn'd the Silver that the Jacks were tipp'd with, it was a pretty Mode of Boot-hoſe-tops. For the reſt of his Habit he is a perfect Sea-man, a kind of Tarpawlin, he being hang'd about with his courſe Compoſition, thoſe Pole-davie Papers.

But I muſt draw to an end; for every Character is an Anatomy-lecture, and it fares with me in this of the Diurnal-maker, as with him that reads on a begg'd Maleſactor, my Subject ſmells before I have gone thorow with him; for a parting Blow then. The word Hiſtorian imports a ſage and ſolemn Author; one that curles his Brow with a ſullen Gravity, like a Bull-neck'd Preſbyter, ſince the Army hath got him off his Juriſdiction, who Preſbyter like ſweeps his Breaſt with a Reverend Beard, full of Native Moſs-Troopers: not ſuch a ſquirting Scribe as this, that's troubled with the Rickets, and makes penny-worths of Hiſtory. The College-Treaſury that never had in Bank above a *Harry*-groat, ſhut up there in a melancholick ſolitude, like one that is kept to keep poſſeſſion, had as good Evidence to ſhew for his Title, as he for an Hiſtorian:

an: ſo, if he will needs be an Hiſtorian, he is not Cited in the Sterling acceptation, but after the Rate of Blew-caps Reckoning, an Hiſtorian Scot. Now a Scotch-man's Tongue runs high *Fullams*. There is a Cheat in his Idiom; for the ſence Ebbs from the bold Expreſſion, like the Citizen's Gallon, which the Drawer interprets but half a Pint. In ſumm; a Diurnal-maker is the Antimark of an Hiſtorian; he differs from him as a Dril from a Man, or (if you had rather have it in the Saints Gibbriſh) as a Hinter doth from a Holder-forth.

The Character of a London-*Diurnal.*

A Diurnal is a puny Chronicle, ſcarce Pin-feather'd with the wings of Time. It is a Hiſtory in Sippets: The Engliſh Iliads in a Nutſhel: The Apocryphal Parliament's Book of *Maccabees* in ſingle ſheets. It would tire a Welſhman to reckon up how many *Aps* 'tis removed from an Annal: for it is of that Extract, only of the younger Houſe, like a Shrimp to a Lobſter. The Original Sinner in this kind was Dutch, *Gallobelgicus* the Protoplaſt, and the modern *Mercuries* but *Hans-en-kelders*. The Counteſs of *Zealand* was brought to bed of

an

an Almanack, as many Children as days in the year. It may be the Legiſlative Lady is of that Linage, ſo ſhe ſpawns the Diurnals, and they at *Weſtminſter* take them in Adoption by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontiſpiece of the old Beldam Diurnal, like the Contents of the Chapter, ſitteth the Houſe of Commons judging the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*. You may call them the Kingdoms Anatomy before the weekly Kalendar; for ſuch is a Diurnal, the day of the Month with what Weather in the Commonwealth. It is taken for the Pulſe of the Body Politick, and the Emperick-Divines of the Aſſembly, thoſe Spiritual Dragooners, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopſis*; and thoſe Grave *Rabbies* (though in the point of Divinity) trade in no larger Authors. The Country-carrier, when he buyes it for the Vicar, miſcals it the Urinal; yet properly enough, for it caſts the Water of the State ever ſince it ſtaled Blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devil and his Exorciſt, or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whoſe office is to unravel her Enchantments.

It begins uſually with an Ordinance, which is a Law ſtill-born, dropt before quickned by the Royal Aſſent. 'Tis one of the

the Parliament's By-blows, Acts only being Legitimate, and hath no more Sire than a Spaniſh Gennet that is begotten by the Wind.

Thus their *Militia*, like its Patron *Mars*, is the Iſſue only of the Mother, without the Concourſe of Royal *Jupiter*: Yet Law it is, if they Vote it, in defiance to their Fundamentals; like the old Sexton, who ſwore his Clock went true, whatever the Sun ſaid to the contrary.

The next Ingredient of a Diurnal is Plots, horrible Plots, which with wonderful Sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Cauſes, before *Materia prima* can put on her Smock. How many ſuch firs of the Mother have troubled the Kingdom; and for all Sir *W. E.* looks like a Man-Midwife, not yet delivered of ſo much as a Cuſhion? But Actors muſt have Properties; and ſince the Stages were voted down, the only Play-houſe is at *Weſtminſter*.

Suitable to their Plots are their Informers, Skippers and Taylors, Spaniels both for the Land and Water. Good conſcionable Intelligence! For however *Pym*'s Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honeſt Vermine have not ſo much for Lying as the Publick Faith.

Thus

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Moorfields*, while he he was contriving ſome Quirpocut of Church-Government, by the help of his outlying Ears and the *Otacouſticon* of the Spirit, diſcovered ſuch a Plot, that *Selden* intends to combat Antiquity, and maintain it was a Taylor's Gooſe that preſerv'd the Capitol.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd, for dealing with the Lions to ſettle the Commiſſion of Array in the Tower. It would do well to cramp the Articles dormant, beſides the opportunity of reforming theſe Beaſts of the Prerogative, and changing their profaner names of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppoſe a Corn-cutter being to give little *Iſaac* a caſt of his Office ſhould fall to paring his Brows (miſtaking the one end for the other, becauſe he branches at both) this would be a Plot, and the next Diurnal would furniſh you with this Scale of Votes.

Reſolv'd upon the Queſtion, That this Act of the Corn-cutter was an abſolute Invaſion of the Cities Charter in the repreſentative forehead of Iſaac.

Reſolv'd, That the evil Counſellours about the Corn-cutter are Popiſhly affected and Enemies to the State.

Re-

Resolv'd, That there be a publick Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of Isaac's *Brow-antlers; and a solemn Covenant drawn up to defie the Corn cutter and all his Works.*

Thus the *Quixots* of this Age fight with the Windmils of their own heads, quell Monsters of their own Creation, make Plots, and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennel the Fox than the Tarrier that is part of him?

In the third place march their Adventures; the Roundheads Legend, the Rebels Romance; Stories of a larger size, than the Ears of their Sect, able to strangle the Belief of a Solifidian.

I'll present them in their order. And first as a Whifler before the show enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the first, travers'd his ground, made a Leg and *Exit*. The Country people took him for one that by Order of the Houses was to dance a Morrice through the West of *England*. Well, he's a nimble Gentleman; set him upon *Banks* his Horse in a Saddle rampant, and it is a great question which part of the Centaure shows better tricks.

There was a Vote passing to translate him with all his Equipage into Monumental Gingerbread; but it was crossed by the female Committee, alledging that the Valour

lour of his Image would bite their Children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and half of Commander, by the help of a Diurnal routed his Enemies fifty miles off. It's ſtrange you'll ſay, and yet 'tis generally believ'd he would as ſoon do it at that diſtance as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword for which the Weapon-ſalve was invented; that ſo wounding and healing (like loving Correlates) might both work at the ſame removes. But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope: Room for the Prodigy of Valour. Madam *Atropos* in Breeches, *Waller*'s Knight-errantry; and becauſe every Mountebank muſt have his *Zany*, throw him in *Hazlerig* to ſet off his Story. Theſe two, like *Bel* and the *Dragon*, are always worſhipped in the ſame Chapter; they hunt in couples, what one doth at the head, the other ſcores up at the heels.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Pſalms with another of the ſame; one chimes all in, and then the other ſtrikes up as the Saints-Bell.

I wonder for how many Lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Leaſe of his Body.

Firſt *Stamford* ſlew him, then *Waller* outkill'd that half a Barr; and yet it is

thought the ſullen Corps would ſcarce bleed were both theſe Manſlayers never ſo near it.

The fame goes of a Dutch Headſman, that he would do his office with ſo much eaſe & dexterity, that the Head after Execution ſhould ſtand upon the Shoulders. Pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place; for as if he had the like knack too, moſt of thoſe whom the Diurnal hath ſlain for him, to us poor Mortals ſeem untouchr.

Thus theſe Artificers of death can kill the Man without wounding the Body, like Lightning, that melts the Sword and never ſinges the Scaberd.

This is the *William* whoſe Lady is the Conquerour; This is the City's Champion and the Diurnals delight; he that Cuckolds the General in his Commiſſion; for he ſtalks with *Eſſex*, and ſhoots under his belly, becauſe his Excellency himſelf is not charged there; yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell; tranſlate but the Scene to *Roundway Down*, there *Hazelrig's* Lobſters turned Crabs and crawled backwards; there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for an uſe of Conſolation.

But the Diurnal is weary of the arm of fleſh, and now begins an *Hoſanna* to *Cromwel*; one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the

the Old Teſtament; you may learn the Genealogy of our Saviour by the names in his Regiment: the Muſter-maſter uſes no other Liſt but the firſt Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Foreigners, when themſelves entertain ſuch an Army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwel* is never ſo valorous as when he is making Speeches for the Aſſociation; which nevertheleſs he doth ſomewhat ominouſly with his Neck awry, holding up his ear as if he expected *Mahomet*'s Pigeon to come and prompt him. He ſhould be a Bird of Prey too by his bloody Beak: His Noſe is able to try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that glitters. What we wonder at in the reſt of them is natural to him, to kill without Bloodſhed; for the moſt of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glaſs would ſhew him more Superſtition. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own Countenance. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old Monument. then down goes Duſt and Aſhes, and the ſtouteſt Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver!* Time's Voyder, Subſizer to the Worms, in whom Death, who formerly devoured our Anceſtors, now

chews the cud. He said Grace once as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marquess of *Newcastle*; nay and the Diurnal gave you his Bill of fare; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the Story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge*-Teem of Committee-men, and he doth wonders. But holy Men, like the holy Language, must be read backwards. They rifle Colleges to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for Edification. But Sacrilege is entail'd upon him. There must be a *Cromwel* for Cathedrals as well as Abbeys; a secure sin, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: for how shall he be hang'd for Church-robbery, that gives himself the benefit of the Clergy?

But for all *Cromwel*'s Nose wears the Dominical Letter, compar'd to *Manchester*, he is but like the Vigils to an Holy day. This, this is the Man of God, so sanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs* (in a proportionable Blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts) would style him the Archangel giving battel to the Devil.

Indeed as the Angels each of them makes a several Species; so every one of his Soldiers makes a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have sorted them

them into pairs. If ever there were a Rope of Sand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an Aſſociation.

They agree in nothing but that they are all Adamites in underſtanding. It is a ſign of a Coward to wink and fight, yet all their Valour proceeds from their Ignorance.

But I wonder whence their General's purity proceeds; it is not by Traduction: if he was begotten a Saint it was by equivocal Generation; for the Devil in the Father is turn'd Monk in the Son, ſo his Godlineſs is of the ſame Parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he that put out one of the Kingdom's Eyes by clouding our Mother-Univerſity; and (if this Scotch Miſt farther prevail) he will extinguiſh the other. He hath the like quarrel to both becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame Optick Nerve, Knowing Loyalty.

Barbarous Rebel! who will be reveng'd upon all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The Diurnal as yet hath not talk'd much

of his Victories, but there is the more behind; for the Knight must always beat the Giant, that's resolv'd.

If any thing fall out amiss which cannot be smother'd, the Diurnal hath a help at maw. It is but putting to Sea and taking a Danish Fleet, or brewing it with some success out of *Ireland*, and then it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a Diurnal, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his Petty-toes, such sniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his Teeth (as in all other things he resembles the Beast) he would have odds of any man at the weapon. O he's a terrible Slaughterman at a Thanksgiving Dinner! Had he been cannibal to have eaten those that he vanguish'd, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace, certainly it is not in his personal, but (as the State-Sophies distinguish) in his Politick Capacity; regenerate *ab extra* by the Zeal of the House he sate in, as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo* by the Adoption of an Oven.

There is the Woodmonger too, a feeble Crutch

Crutch to a declining Cause; a new Branch of the old Oak of Reformation.

And now I speak of Reformation, *Vous avez*, *Fox* the Tinker, the livelieſt Emblem of it that may be: for what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinkerwiſe, in mending one hole they made Three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will cloſe up all thus. The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*, who thinking he had ſlain three of his Enemies, found them at laſt but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and ſo empty are the Triumphs of a Diurnal, but ſo many Impoſtumated Phancies, ſo many Bladders of their own blowing.

A Letter ſent from a Parliament-Officer at Grantham *to Mr.* Cleveland *in* Newark.

SIR,

THough I have no reaſon to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garriſon; yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday laſt, one *Hill* by name, in

no other condition than my Servant, entred your Ark, and with him of my Monies 133 *l.* 8 *d.* This preciſe Sum I was willing you ſhould know, ſuppoſing your Wiſdom might own the moneys, though your Honeſty could hardly allow the Act: which if ſo, and that hereafter we ſhall find it no Sin to violate your Sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the Receit, we may happily count it a Loan, and not a Loſs, it being in hands reſponſible for greater matters. And now, Sir, let me ſpeak to you as a Judge, not as an Advocate. Give the Fellow his juſt reward; prefer him, or ſend him hither and we ſhall: if you dare not Truſt him, let him be Truſſed; if you dare, I ſhall wiſh you more ſuch Servants; and for that only reaſon excuſe me for the preſent, that I dare not ſay I am yours

W. E.

Mr. Cleveland's *Reply.*

Sixthly, Beloved,

IS it ſo then, that our Brother and Fellow-labourer in the Goſpel is ſtart aſide? then this may ſerve for an uſe of Inſtruction, not

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to truſt in Man, nor in the Son of Man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Oneſimus* run from his Maſter *Philemon*? Beſides, this ſhould teach us to employ our Talent, and not to lay it up in a Napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers, it had been juſt; then the Iſraelite had ſpoiled the Egyptian; but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, That! That! You ſee, Sir, what Uſe I make of the Doctrine you ſent me; and indeed ſince you change Style ſo far as to nibble at Wit, you muſt pardon me, if to quit ſcores, I pretend a little to the Gift of Preaching. Sir, I expected to hear from you in the Language of the loſt Groat, and the Prodigal Son, and not in ſuch a Tantivy of Language; but I perceive your Communication is not always Yea, Yea; now and then a little Harlotry-Rhetorick. You ſay that your Man is entred our Ark: I am ſorry you were ſo ignorant in Scripture, as to let him come ſingle. The Text had been better ſatisfied, if you had pleaſed to bear him company; for then the Beaſts had entred by Couples: But though he came alone, yet well lined it ſeems, with 133 *l.* 8 *d.* Sure your Hue and Cry hath good Lungs, it would have been out of breath elſe, before it had reached the Eight pence. This is the Summ; but why you call

call it the Preciſe Summ, ſince it is thus fallen away, I underſtand not. But how come you to reckon ſo punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant? What year of the Perſecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the Shekels, that is the more ſanctified Coyn. You miſtake in the Sanctuary you ſpeak of; for that which your Man hath taken is *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of Eaſe, not the Mother-Church, our Garriſon of *Newark*; but the beſt is they are both without the reach of your Sacrilege. Whereas you account your Loſs but a Loan, we ſhall grant it a Debt, but bearing the ſame Date of Payment with that which you borrowed on the Publick Faith. I ſuſpect your hand was troubled with the Palſie, when you wrote of a Judge; your Man however ſhall find me an Advocate; for what ſay you to an occaſional Meditation? Reflect but upon your ſelf, how you have uſed your Common Maſter, and I doubt not but you will pardon your Man. He hath but tranſcrib'd Rebellion, and copied out that Diſloyalty in Short hand, which you have committed in Text. Sir, I bemoan your Loſſes, and am ſorry I cannot as eaſily repay that of your Money, as your Man, being reſolv'd to ſupply that place

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my ſelf; and to make it appear by wearing the Livery of this Title, Sir,

Your Servant

J. C.

The Officer's Rejoynder.

SIR,

HAd not Indulgent Mercy provided for troubled Spirits Sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive ſomething worthy of Laughter? How eaſie had the Expence of your Wit been truſſed up in an Egg-ſhell. I dare not trace in holy Ground, it is not ſafe nibbling there. You ſee what Doctrine I make of your Uſe; but yet ſo far as yours is Profane give me lieve to nibble at Wit. Though I dare not undertake like a mighty Coloſs (whoſe very motion doth Cleave Land, like *Terram findere*) to devour indigeſted lumps of Wit, as the *Cyclops* Men at a Morſel, and then retail it out, as a Juggler doth Inkle, by the Yard; yet allow me to nibble, and I'll allow you the Gift in Preaching. Pity

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it is the proviſſion of ſo many ſavoury Leſſons, wholſome Inſtructions, even ſo many pious Collections, as might worthily have entitled you to the comfortable Subſiſtence of a well-gleb'd Vicarage. Beſides the Advantage of a Wit, which would require another Wit to tell how great; ſuch a Divine Knowledge, as might enable you to profane every Leaf of Holy Writ; Unknown Sanctity, and a Conſcience ſo tender I dare not touch. Pity it is ſuch accompliſh'd Gifts and prodigious Parts ſhould be miſemploy'd in Secular affairs. Such an Holy Father might have begot as many Babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark*, as our Party of late hath done Garriſons, and converted as many Souls as *Chaucer*'s Friar with the Shoulder-bone of the loſt Sheep. But you ſay you expected (I thought you had had more than you expected) but however you expected Penitential Language and Humble Style, (the Groat I will not meddle with, 'tis Hooly Coyn) an Addreſs full of Complaints; Sir, we, like your ſelves, can ſpeak big of our Loſſes, and yet with more Ingenuity confeſs them; 'though I for modeſty will not ask you who ſtole from you of late a Fort-town? or who run away with the King? But of that—— For that preciſe Summ,

Summ, I ſee you are willing to quarrel at Preciſeneſs; it was to tell you, Revenge would have transferr'd it upon your very—— How you quarrel at your good! Had you miſtaken him for a Tax-gatherer, and eaſed him of his Portage before he arriv'd at your Chappel of Eaſe, I would not you ſhould have abated him a fourth part for his Forwardneſs, and put it upon the File of Contribution for his Majeſtie's good Garriſon of *Newark*; I ſhould have liked the Security well, and when your Works had fail'd to ſave you, expected a return upon the Publick Faith; the Meditation whereof putteth me upon this Advice: Think not Prophaneneſs can compact with Mud, to caſt up a Trench of Security. Attempt not (though a Giant) to reach at Stars; to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wiſe on this ſide Heaven.

Mr. Cleveland's *Anſwer.*

SIR,

THE Philoſopher that never laughed but once, when he ſaw an Aſs mumbling of Thiſtles, would have broke his Spleen at

at this Rejoynder of yours; for who would not take that to be an Emblem of this, obſerving how gingerly and with what caution you nibble at my Letter, leſt it ſhould prick your Chops? But ſomething muſt needs be replied. Repetitions are uſual with the Saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your Letter as a *Spittle*-Sermon; *Salinger*'s Round, the ſame again. I perceive your Ambition how you would prove your ſelf to be a clean beaſt, becauſe you know how to chew the Cud; for the firſt Sentence where you ſpeak of troubled Spirits and ſacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* Extaſie. Certainly your ſpirit is troubled, elſe your Expreſſion had not run ſo muddy; for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if poſſible to be reconciled to Sence. The Wit which you ſay may be truſs'd up in an Egg-ſhell, I fear your Oval Crown hath ſcarce Capacity enough to contain. you diſclaim being a Coloſs; Content; I have as diminitive thoughts of you as you pleaſe. I take you for a Jack-a Lent, and my Pen ſhall make uſe of you accordingly, three Throws for a penny. But you cannot Cleave Land like *Terram findere*. What a chargeable Commodity is Wit at *Grantham*, where the poor Writer plays the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together

ther in unlawful Sheets for the Production of a Quibble: but I applaud your Cunning, for the more unknown Tongue you jeſt in, your wit will be the better. And why cannot you Cleave the Land? Tread but hard, and your cloven Foot will leave its Impreſſion. You talk of *Cyclops* & Jugglers (indeed hard words are the Juggler's Dialect:) But take heed, the time may come, when unleſs you can play *Preſto* be gone, your Run-away King may cauſe you Juggler-wiſe to diſgorge your Fate, and vomit a Rope inſtead of Inkle. But to Eccho your Compariſon, and to return you an Inventory of your good Parts. Is it not pity that the pure Extract of ſanctified *Emmanuel*, parboil'd there in the Pipkin of Predeſtination, and ſince well read in the Sick-man's Salve and the Crums of Comfort, and liberally fed with all the Minced Meat in Divinity? Is it not pity ſuch a Goggle of the Eye, ſuch a melodious Twang of the Noſe, a pliable Mouth drawn awry, as if it were edifying the Ear in private, beſides Cheverel-Lungs that will ſtretch as far as Seventeenthly? Is it not pity that theſe gallant Ingredients of Modern Devotion, which might juſtly have qualified you for a Tub Lecturer, and in time made your Dioceſs as large as that of *Heidelberg*; that theſe

these ineffable Parts which pass all understanding, should thus be sequestred from their Primitive Use, and of a godly Lanspresado in the Church Militant be converted to a Brother of the Blade. Such a walking Directory, such a zealous *Roger* as this might have saved more Souls than *Sampson* slew, and with the same Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Ass. Your Pen is coy, and you wave the Holy Ground and Holy Coyn with a squeamish Preterition. I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is Holy Ground; for then I hope *Hatcham*-Barn is not as good a Congregation as St. *Paul's*. For the Holy Coyn, you must pardon me if I suspect the Chastity of your Fingers. I am sure those of your Party have been troubled with Felons; witness the Church-Revenues, and the several Sacrileges which cannot be par'd off with your Nails: But there is another Reason why you abstain from the Idiom of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your Money, and Verily Verily Ret never springs the Partridge. You would have your Man taken for a Tax-gatherer. Lord how the Clime alters the Man! When he was with you he was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must pass for a Publican and Sinner. Sir, We cast up no Trench of Security, though

though we might have Dirt enough in your Language to do it; and yet we hope to be ſaved by our Works, for all the ſtrength of your Faith, whereby you hold your ſelves able to remove Mountains. For your Advice not to throw Stars at your head, I embrace it; for what need I, ſo long as there is Gooſe-ſhot to be had for Money. My Wit ſhall be on what ſide Heaven you pleaſe, provided it ever be Antarctick to yours. For the appellation of Giant, I accept it, only I am ſorry I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might ſo often ſubſcribe my ſelf,

SIR,

Your Servant

J. C.

An Answer to a Pamphlet written against the Lord Digby's *Speech, concerning the Death of the Earl of* Strafford.

THIS the wittiest Punishment that the Poets phancied to be in Hell, that one should continually twist a Rope, and an Ass stand by and bite it off. I know not how this Noble Gentleman should ever deserve it, but such is his Fate; for while the Pamphleter strives to tear his Speech, to Ravel this Twist of Eloquence and Judgement, what doth he but make my Lord and himself the Moral of the Fable? The first word in his Penny-libel is ominous for a Duel. The Sand was always the Scene of Quarrelling, and so he calls the Speech. If this be Sand, I shall easily incline to *Democritus* his Opinion, who thought the World to be compos'd of Atoms, and shall be able to render a reason hereafter, why *Jupiter*, when he was most Oraculous, was called *Jupiter Ammon, Jupiter of the Sand:* but as *Thomas Mason* says, am I bound to find you Wit and History? Why the Sand? The Sand, that is, the Incoherent. You shall never tak a Pam-

Pamphleter, one of these Haberdashers of small Wares, without his *Videlicets* or his *Utpotes*. An ingenious Metaphor needs no spokes-man to the Apprehension, but is entertain'd without a pimping *Videlicet*. A *Videlicet* is an *Hic Canis*; it argues a Bungling Writer, as that a Painter. But wherein Incoherent? Because it shows wherein the same Man may both condemn and acquit the same Man. Why, is that such a Riddle? May not I commend you for a Single-soul'd Rythmer, one that can Chime All-in to an Execution, and yet use the Scotch Proverb, and turn your Nose where your Arse was in point of State-policy. Though you have a pretty Faculty in Country-*Tom* and *Cambery-Bess*, yet faces about in State-affairs. A diverse *Quatenus* commends and vilifies, condemns and acquits. But a Pox of all English Logick. He hath found *Idem qua idem* somewhere Translated, and that's it which raises all this Dust, disturbs the Sand. Well, grant it be Sand; what becomes on't? Why, Captain Puff will blow it away. My Adversary, I perceive, has eaten Garlick, and wholly relies upon the Valour of his Breath; and indeed I question not the strength of that, I find it sufficiently in the Rankness of his Language. Certainly he

hath a great mind to be painted like *Boreas* in the great Ship, with that ingenious Impreſs, *Sic Flo.* But, hark you Gaffer; you that will tear the Speech and blow away the Sand; before you and I part, I ſhall ſo prick the Tympany of your Cheeks, and ſo mince your Pamplet, that the leaſt Sand ſhall be a Grave ſufficient for the biggeſt piece of it. But, ſee the Proweſs of our *Domitian*; hee'l kill this Fly himſelf, and not with an Axe, or a Bill of Attainder. He ſcorns to cry Clubs; hee'l not oppugn it with the Votes of the Houſes, with the Judges Opinions; nor are we ſo mad to enter the Liſts of ſuch a Compariſon. But this is but one of his ordinary Soleciſms. The Speech muſt be conſider'd as when firſt made; then the Houſes had not Voted; then the Judges had not determined, and (what's as Material as any thing) the Rabble had not yell'd for Juſtice and Execution then; and therefore to commit them with this Speech, what were it but to phancy a *Prolepſis?* to antedate Combatants that were not yet in being? ſo that if any thing add to the ſtrength of the Speech, beſide its own Nerves, it is the weakneſs of the Confuter, not of the Reader. I make no queſtion but your Reader is quit with you for that Abuſe. You

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ſay, My Lord ſteals his Affection; I dare purge you of that Felony: Marry, if you will needs cry Guilty, it cannot amount to above Pety Larceny; ſo much as may ask the Banns betwixt your Shoulders and a piece of Pack-thread: for whereas you damn my Lord's Arguments to the Hoſpital; I am ſure yours ſtand in need of *Bedlam*, and the wholeſom Phlebotomy of a Whip, to fetch the Dog-days out of your Scull; and ſo, though you ſtand like Death over the Belfrey, with a great Scythe, comparing the Speech to Graſs, the Event will diſarm you of your Utenſil; and in ſtead of a Scythe for Mowing, give you a Whetſtone for Lying. Hitherto he hath been Tuning the ſtrings, now he ſtrikes up. Pray you mark the Leſſon. *Will you ſee an Argument of this Paper, and indeed a Paper-Argument?* Did you ever hear the Changes better rung upon two Bells? I am perſwaded the Author would dance well upon the Ropes, he keeps himſelf ſo equally poiz'd. Heads and Points; *the Argument of the Paper, the Paper-Argument.* Well, ſcore up one in the Column of Quibbles. The Argument that he runs diviſion upon is this: *It doth not appear to him by two Teſtimonies, that the Iriſh Army was to be brought over to reduce this Kingdom;*

Therefore the Earl of Strafford *is not guilty of High Treason* Now he breaks the neck of this *Ergo* thus: *If three or four other Treasons be objected and prov'd, though they be at a loss in one, this doth not straight evince his Innocence.* To this Belief he will draw you (as he says) by a Comparison. Let him put himself in his Geers. Let him play his Tricks of Fast and loose. In the *Interim* thus I gird up his tedious *Quemadmodum*. *If one be tyed with three or four Cords, he is not at liberty, though one of them be loos'd, as being still bound with the rest. Even as, Even so.* *Philip* writing to the Spartans, prefac'd every Sentence with *If, If, If*; they studying their Laconical Brevity, and denying the Contents of the Letter, returned nothing but the same Monasyllable. The Objection runs in *Philip*'s fashion. *If*, is the Postilion of every Line; and I know not but the Answer may be as apposite. If three or four Treasons be prov'd; if he be tyed with three or four Cords; but if those Treasons prove but Misdemeanours, if those Cables be but Threads; if *Sampson* that was bound with them have twitch'd them in pieces; then I must say your Cords come in very unseasonably, unless it be to put you in mind of your Mortality. But he doubles

doubles his Files. Faults in this Paper (he ſaith) go not alone; that's the Reaſon he bears the Author company to the end of his Speech; that if there be any Faults, his Anſwer may match them with Twin-brothers. *Though this Reducing the Kingdom by an Iriſh Army be not prov'd by Retail, yet 'tis Treaſon in the Lump. Rip but up the bowels of a former Teſtimony and there you ſhall find it. His Majeſty is abſolv'd from all Rules of Government and may do what Power will admit.* So ho! whither now? My Task is to juſtifie the Speech in what it Treats, not to declame the Queſtion at large. This is not to confute his Speech, but his Conſcience that would not be convicted. I am not tyed to follow you in your Wildgooſe chaſe; yet I am ſo confident (whether of the ſtrength of the Cauſe or your Weakneſs, I ſay not) that I wiſh you and I might plead it on a Pillory, and he that loſt the day pay Ear-rent for us both. But there is danger in following an *Ignis Fatuus* whither it will lead you, eſpecially when he makes up at the Throat of Majeſty. He ſees that Power will admit the uſe of an Iriſh Army, or any other which that Power can purchaſe. A Suſpicion which deſerves to be anſwer'd with a Thunderbolt; but 'tis out of faſhion;

and I am afraid I ſhall be laughed at, if I ſpeak any thing in defence of the King: yet (thanks be to God) there's no great need on't. His Majeſty's Vertues are his ſtrongeſt Guard. A King, like a Porcupine, is a living Quiver of Darts; every Beam of Majeſty is a *Fulmen Terebrans* to his Blaſpheming Enemies. My Fellow-traveller ſtept aſide a little to give his Brain a Stool, and now is return'd into the Road, *His Lordſhip*, he ſays, *multiplies and is fruitful in Abſurdities.* 'Tis true by an equivocal Generation; for ſo he begat your Pamphlet, meeting with the putrid Matter of your Invention, as the Sun produceth Inſect Animals. The Abſurdity is, *he hath no Notion of Subverting the Law Treaſonable, but by Force*; and here we muſt ſcore up the ſecond Quibble, for then (he ſays) *This Argument will never ſubvert the Law, as having no Force.* Truly I am of a mind, that if my Antagoniſt were both to Diſpute and Anſwer himſelf, he would have the beſt on't, and that's the Courſe he takes here. He frames an Argument where none is intended. His Lordſhip ſays he knows no other, nay and there is no other; but he doth not infer the latter from the former, therefore there is no other, becauſe he knows no other;

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ſo that this is a Brat of your own Brain, not drawn from his Lordſhip's Ignorance (as your ſcandalous quill foam'd at the mouth) but from your own Impudence; and if it halt (as you ſay) it confeſſes its Father, it halts before a Creeple. You do well therefore to let Nature work to help your lame Dog over a Stile, to caſt it, as you conceive, in a right Frame. *There is no way of Subverting the Law but what I know; but I know no way of Subverting the Law but by force.* You would be loath a man ſhould ſay this is no Syllogiſm; and yet 'tis true. There's no Figure will give it a Tenement to hide its head in. I could give you a Remove now and ſet you upright; but I had rather you ſhould take it aſunder, and my Lord and you part Stakes; part Propoſitions; He the *Major*, you the *Minor*, becauſe in the firſt you ſay there is ſo much Knowledge, in the latter ſo much Ignorance. You ſee you are in a Bog; but I will throw my Cloak about you and dance you out; for lo, a moſt Eloquent *Si quis* in queſt of the Author of our Tenent. *Who ſays this? Is it ſome ancient Judge? No*, I thank you as the Caſe goes; *Or is it one that looks more into the Court than the Inns of Court?* I perceive I muſt count Quibbles as they do Fiſh; thou art three;

there

there he bounceth out with his Ἐυρηκα [*A Young Gentleman knows not the Law.*] I do not wonder you writ it in other Characters; for 'tis a most acute Apothegm, (though I say it that should not say it) and such an one as may well beseem the Rump-end of *Licosthenes* at the next Impression. But he makes a Transition from Common Law to Common Reason, and he hopes to be scored up for that Quarter-Quibble, but I cannot afford it. *If nothing but Force can subvert Law, then Judges when they pronounce false Judgments. stop lawful Defences, let loose the Prerogative*, and all that Rout of Instances which he hath rallied up, *do not subvert the Law.* Well, to do you a Courtesie, they do not. 'Tis one thing to stop a Pipe, to cut an Aqueduct and divert a Conveyance, and another to spoil a Spring-head. The Law in this Case suffers a *Deliquium*, but she is not dead. The Subversion of Laws is Root and Branch. A Castle may be dismantled, made unserviceable, and yet 'tis not said then to be quite overthrown. When you usurp'd the Chair of Logick and made a false Syllogism, were the Laws of Logick then subverted? No, but Trangress'd; so that if our Author suffer by Injustice (as I hope you are more Historian than Prophet) he will

will not involve the Laws in his Ruine. Your *Apoſtrophe* to *Treſſilian* is a true *Apoſtrophe*, for 'tis from the Cauſe; for will ye introduce a Parity in Offences too? Scan the Caſes and you ſhall find them diverſe. But give me lieve by the way to admire your Phraſe of the *Iron Laws*. 'Tis a good Argument to me that there is no Alchymy, otherwiſe the Corruption of ſo many Judges, by this time had turn'd them into Gold: but my Lord muſt Diſpute again. Do you carry the Knapſack of his Arguments? My Lord hath a fine time on't, that you ſhould feed him thus with a Spoon? 'Tis thus; *The Earl of* Strafford's *Practices have been as high as any. The Practices of* Treſſilian *have been as high as High Treaſon.* I wonder where you got all this Logick; at *Furnival's* Inn? But I know the Reaſon of it, becauſe *Plutarch* attributes Logick to a Fox, and King *James* maintains Diſcourſe in a Hound, that's it which puts you upon Sillogiſms. You would be loath to come ſhort of any of your Fellows. For the words of the *Major* (which are only my Lord's, and which indeed I had as lieve he ſhould juſtifie as I) you muſt know they are a Compariſon: now Compariſons are betwixt things of the ſame kind: *As high as any*, that is, in the

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rank of Misdemeanours. The Painter, when his Picture would not sell for a God, made a special Devil of it, and so he vented it. Though my Lord cannot yield that the Earl of *Strafford*'s Practices should be sublimated into Treason; yet place them in the front of any lower Offences, and it seems he will pass it. This Similitude of mine doth not run of all four, no more must you think of that, *As high as any.* But to make few words; suppose I should grant you your Conclusion, that the Earl of *Strafford*'s Practices were as high as Treason, yet if they be not specified by Statute for Treason, my Lord doth justly abstain his hand from his Dispatch. You ask how these words should sound in the mouth of a Judge. Truly I have not the measure of your Ears, they are of too large a size for me. I being a Judge hold your Guilt to be as high as Treason, yet having no Law to give me Commission, I'll have no hand in your Sentence: So that supposing all Cases to be like this, I grant you the Assizes would be in vain; the Judges Circuit would be like the wheeling of a Mill, move continually, but never nearer their Journey's end: but when the Law hath provided sufficiently, unless in a Case as this, Extraordinary, the Vanity and Mockery

Mockery which you ſpeak of recoils upon him that firſt diſcharged them. For your laſt, where you would have Sir *Henry Vane*'s Oath to be prefer'd before my Lord's Suſpicion, I would willingly anſwer as he did with Meditation; at the firſt time nothing, as much at the ſecond, and at the third *Vous avez* Sir *Henry Vane*. You ſay his Oath gets an addition of Belief from the Speeches before and from the Memorials that day; ſo that you imply what I dare not ſay, that it is not full of it ſelf, but wants a Supplement of Credit to gain our Faith. As for the words Recorded whenceſoever they had their Venom, it ſeems they were poyſon'd; (for to that, and not to their Pregnancy do I attribute it) that they ſwell'd into ſuch a bigneſs, that one Teſtimony appear'd double: But that you ſhould entitle Mr. *Pim* to this Miſtake, that he ſhould look through a Multiplying Glaſs in a Caſe ſo weighty as that of Treaſon; the Gentleman's known Integrity ſaves me the labour of his Defence. So that the Teſtimonies being but ſuch, though the Charges be many; be the Earl of *Straſford* as high in his Practices as it pleaſes my Lord to make him, yet my Lord's Dipthong may eaſily be juſtified, and the Earl both at once Condemn'd and Sav'd.

Thus

Thus I have entreated Patience of my ſelf to Counterpuff your Pamphlet, when by the help of a Penny-worth of Pears, I could (more ſutably to your Defects) have confuted you backward. But I did it in hopes that you would muzzle your ſelf hereafter; for though your Teeth be hollow and cannot Bite, yet wanting Cloves they may Infect.

To the Protector after long and vile Durance in Priſon.

May it pleaſe Your Highneſs;

RUlers within the Circle of their Government have a Claim to that which is ſaid of the Deity; they have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where. It is in this Confidence that I addreſs to your Highneſs, knowing that no place in the Nation is ſo remote, as not to ſhare in the Ubiquity of your Care; no Priſon ſo cloſe as to ſhut me up from partaking of your Influence. My Lord, it is my Misfortune, that after ten years Retirement from being engaged in the Differences of the State, having wound up my

my ſelf in private Receſs, and my Comportment to the Publick ſo inoffenſive, that in all this time, neither Fears nor Jealouſies have ſcrupled at my Actions. Being about three Months ſince at *Norwich*, I was fetch'd by a Guard before the Commiſſioners, and ſent Priſoner to *Yarmouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make an enquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my Fault was kept as cloſe as my Perſon) I am induced to believe that next to my adherence to the Royal Party, the Cauſe of my Confinement is the Narrowneſs of my Eſtate; for none ſtand Committed whoſe Eſtate can bail them. I only am the Priſoner who have no Acres to be my Hoſtage. Now if my Poverty be Criminal (with Reverence be it ſpoken) I implead your Highneſs, whoſe Victorious Arms have reduced me to it, as Acceſſary to my Guilt. Let it ſuffice, my Lord, that the Calamity of the War hath made us poor, do not puniſh us for it. Who ever did Penance for being Raviſhed? Is it not enough that we are ſtripp'd ſo bare, but it muſt be made in order to a ſeverer Laſh? Muſt our Sores be engraven with our Wounds? Muſt we firſt be made Creeples, and then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty, if it be a Fault 'tis its own Puniſhment, who pays more for it,

pays

pays uſe upon uſe. I beſeech your Highneſs put ſome Bounds to the Overthrow, and do not purſue the chaſe to the other World. Can your Thunder be levell'd ſo low, as our Groveling Condition? Can your Towring Spirit, which hath quarried upon Kingdoms, make a ſtoop at us, who are the Rubbiſh of theſe Ruines. Methinks I hear your former Atchievements interceding with you, not to ſully your Glories with trampling upon the proſtrate, nor clog the Wheel of your Chariot with ſo degenerous a Triumph. The moſt renowned *Hero's* have ever with ſuch Tenderneſs cheriſhed their Captives, that their Swords did but cut out work for their Courteſies. Thoſe that fell by their Proweſs ſprung by their Favour, as if they had ſtruck them down only to make them rebound the higher. I hope your Highneſs, as you are the Rival of their Fame, will be no leſs of their Virtues. The Nobleſt Trophie that you can erect to your Honour is to raiſe the Afflicted; and ſince you have ſubdued all Oppoſition, it now remains that you attack your ſelf, and with Acts of Mildneſs vanquiſh your Victory. It is not long ſince, my Lord, that you knock'd off the Shackles from moſt of our Party, and by a grand Releaſe did ſpread your Clemency as far as your

your Territories. Let not new Preſcriptions interrupt your Jubilee. Let not that your Lenity be ſlandered as the Ambuſh of your farther Rigour. For the Service of his Majeſty (if it be objected) I am ſo far from excuſing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my Vindication. I cannot conceit that my Fidelity to my Prince ſhould taint me in your Opinion, I ſhould rather expect it ſhould recommend me to your Favour. Had we not been Faithful to our King, we could not have given our ſelves to be ſo to your Highneſs; you had then truſted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You ſee my Lord, how much I preſume upon the Greatneſs of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with ſo frank a Confeſſion, eſpecially in this which I may ſo ſafely deny, that it is almoſt Arrogancy in me to own it: for the Truth is, I was not qualified enough to ſerve Him; all I could do was to bear a part in his Sufferings, and to give my ſelf to be Cruſhed with his Fall. Thus my Charge is doubled; my Obedience to my Soveraign, and what is the Reſult of that, my want of Fortune. Now whatever reflection I have upon the former, I am a true Penitent for the latter. My Lord, you ſee my Crimes; as to my de-

fence, you bear it about you. I ſhall plead nothing in my Juſtification, but your Highneſs's Clemency, which as it is the conſtant Inmate of a valiant Breaſt, if you graciouſly be pleaſed to extend it to your Suppliant in taking me out of this withering Durance, your Highneſs will find, that Mercy will eſtabliſh you more than Power, though all the days of your Life, were as pregnant with Victories as your twice auſpicious third of *September*.

Your Highneſs's

Humble and Submiſſive

Petitioner

J. C.

To the Earl of Newcaſtle.

THough to Command and Obey be the fitteſt Dialogue betwixt you and us; yet ſince your Lordſhip pleaſes to deſcend from your Right and only to Requeſt, pardon us, if, by your Example, we intrench upon you, and preſume upon an Anſwer.

Anſwer. Sir, We are ſorry our Duty is not phras'd in Action, nor can we determine, whether it was more grateful to us, that you requir'd our Service, or grievous, that at this time we could not expreſs it; for no ſooner were we inform'd of your pleaſure, but ſo obligatory is your Will, that poyſing your Letters with our Laws, we thought our Statutes were at Civil Wars. The College, like an Indulgent Mother, Entails her Preferments on her own Progeny. Your Lordſhip prefers a ſtranger, whom to Adopt were not only to Baſtard her preſent Iſſue, but diſinherit all ſucceeding hopes. If it ſeem a Delinquency to be thus tender of her own, ſhe will intitle her offence to your Lordſhip, who when you honour'd her with your Admiſſion, taught her to ſet a greater price upon her Children. Thus hoping you will abſtract our Will from our Power, we honour your Lordſhip, deſiring that occaſion may preſent us with ſome ſervice, whoſe difficulty may add a deeper Dye to the Obſervance of

The Maſter

and Fellows of

S.J.

To the Earl of Holland, *then Chancellour of the University of* Cambridge.

Right Honourable,

YOU have rais'd us to that height by writing unto us, that we dare attempt an Answer; in which Presumption, if we have dishonoured your Lordship, you must blame your own Gentleness, like the Sun, who if he be mask'd with Clouds, may thank himself who drew up the Exhalations. Sir, they that assign Tutelar Angels, betroath them not only to Kingdoms and Cities, but to each Company. Your Goodness hovers not aloft in a general care of the University, but stoops by a peculiar Influence to every private College. That Omnipresence which Philosophy allots to the Soul, to be every where at once through the whole Man, your Noble Diligence exemplifies in us. There is not the least Joynt of our Body, but in its Life and Spirits confesses the Chancellour. Nor have we in special the least share of your Favours, as appears by many pregnant Demonstrations of your Love; among which

which this is not the meaneſt, that you would deign to require our Service. To offend againſt ſo Gracious a Patron, would add a Tincture to our Diſobedience; yet ſuch is the Iniquity of our Condition, that we are forced to defer our Gratitude. We have many in the College, whoſe Fortunes were at the laſt Gaſp; and if not now reliev'd, their hopes extinct: Whereas he whom your Lordſhip commends, gives us farther day of Payment by his green years. He is yet but young, but the Beams of your Favour will ripen him the ſooner for the like Preferment; which if it pleaſe your Lordſhip to antedate by a preſent Acceptance of our future Obedience, We ſhall gladly perſevere in our old Title of.

To the Earl of Weſtmorland.

My Lord.

IT were high Preſumption in me not to be proud of this Occaſion; and I ſhould be no leſs than a Rebel to Eloquence, if your Lines you ſent me had not rais'd me above my ordinary Level; ſo that to expreſs my Gratitude, I muſt renounce my Humility, and purchaſe one Virtue at the

price of another. And well may my Modeſty ſuffer in the Service, when my Reaſon it ſelf is overwhelmed with the Favour. To ſee a Perſon of your Lordſhip's Eminency poſſeſs'd of Nobility by a double Tenure, both of Birth and Brain, ſo to bend his Greatneſs as to ſtoop to me, who live in the Vale both of Parts and Fortune, is ſo high an Honour, that who juſtly conſiders it, if he be not ſtupidly ſenſleſs, will be ſtupid with Ecſtaſie. I, for my part, am loſt in Amazement, and it is mine Intereſt to be ſo; for not knowing otherwiſe how to give your Preſent a fit Reception, it is the beſt of my play to be beſide my ſelf in the Action. You ſee, my Lord, how I empty my ſelf of my Native Faculty to be ready for thoſe of your Inſpirings, as the Prophets of old in a Sacred Fury ran out of their Wits to make room for the Deity. I ſhall not need hereafter to digeſt my Love-paſſions, I ſhall ſpeak by Inſtinct: for when your Honour deign'd to viſit me with your Lofty Numbers, what was it elſe but to make me the Prieſt of your Lordſhip's Oracle? Such is the Strength and Spirit of your Phancy, that methought your Poems (like the Richeſt Wine) ſent forth a Steam at the opening. What flowed from your Brain fum'd into

mine.

mine. It was almoſt impoſſible to read your Lines and be ſober. You, You, my Lord, are the Favourite of the Muſes. Your Strain is ſo happy and hath the Reputation for ſo Matchleſs, as if you had a double Key to the Temple of Honour to let in your Lordſhip's ſelf and exclude Competitors. It's you, my Lord, have cut the Clouds and reach'd Perfection, who having mounted the Cliff, lends an hand to me, who am labouring in the Craggy Aſcent. So towring are the Praiſes you pleaſe to beſtow on me, and my Deſert ſo groveling, that to ſhew you my Head is not worthy your Height, it is not able to bear them; it grows giddy with the Precipice. It pains me to be on the Laſt of an *Hyperbole*; you do but crucifie my tender Merits, to diſtend them thus at length and breadth. Conſider, I pray you, that the Leaneſt Endowments would be plump and full, thus blown up with a Quill; and that there are ſome ſo Dwarfiſh whom the Rack will not ſtretch to a proper Man. It is an excellent Breathing for a puiſſant Wit to overbear the World in the Defence of a Paradox; and a good Advocate will weather out the Cauſe, when there is neither Truth nor Invention. I perſwade my ſelf you had never undertaken to write my

Panegyrick, but that you saw it was to combat with the Tide, and to put your Abilities to the utmost Test in so unlikely a Subject. Little do you think what store of Opposers your Opinion will breed you; for though you be so powerful in the Art of perswasion, that should you turn Apostate, there would need no more but to Towl the Bell for Religion, yet this is an Heresie where you stand alone, and like *Scæva* in the Breach, with your single Valour duel an Army. Now, my Lord, if I be not mistaken, I have found the Motive that induced you to oblige me; you are tyed by your Order to give Protection to the Weak and Succourless; so I must change my Addresses, and thank your Red Ribband for my Commendations. Such, and so many are the Flowers of Rhetorick you have heap'd upon me, that I run the hazard of the Olympick Victor, who was stifled with Posies cast upon him in approbation of his Worth; which Fragrant Fate, if I should sustain, what is there more to make me enamour'd of Death, but that the same Flowers should straw my Corps in a Funeral Oration? Could you think (my Lord) that your suppressing your Name was able to conceal you, when it is easie to wind you by your Phrase? The

Sweetness

sweetneſs of the Language diſcover'd the Author, like that Roman Senator, who hiding himſelf in time of Proſcription, his Perfumes betray'd him. But I ſhall not arreſt your Lordſhip too far with a farther Interruption. My Lord, you have Ennobled me with your Teſtimony, and I ſhall keep your Paper as the *Diploma* of my Honour. Yet give me lieve to tell you, that among all the Epithets you pile ſo Artificially to raiſe my Fame, there is one wanting to accompliſh my Ambition, and that which I beſeech your Lordſhip I may enjoy for the future; that is, to be eſteem'd

SIR,

Your Honour's &c.

John Cleveland.

A Letter to a Friend diſſwading him from his Attempt to Marry a Nun.

THough no man's Arms can be opened wider to receive you on ſhore and give you poſſeſſion of his Breaſt; yet

I know not whether with the uſual Complement I may welcome you home, as doubting your Countrey may have Mewed that Relation in ſo long an Abſence; ſhe having expoſed her Noble Iſſue, being Conviction enough to make you diſclaim her. Beſides there is ſuch a new Face of things ſince your Departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitants, is now the Kingdom's, To be a Stranger at home: Inſomuch as were you deſign'd for a ſecond Journey, it might be a part of your buſineſs to travel other Countries in queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is ſuch an Alien in her Look that moſt of her Off ſpring dare not ask her Bleſſing. Her Countenance is not Denizen of her ſelf: you would think ſhe were ſome Floating Iſland, that had made a voyage only to Truck for an outlandiſh Viſage. Some who have ſpell'd her Lineaments ſay ſhe Copies out the Dutch, and to make good the Parallel they doubt not to inſtance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdom as in a crack'd Looking-glaſs, where inſtead of one Face, that Monarch-like ſhould repreſent the whole, you may have Variety of leſſer ones glimmering in its room, and the Aſpects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a Foraigner

ſhe

ſhe is and her Complexion borrow'd; ſo that as as our new Philoſophers would have the Earth to move and the Heavens to ſtand ſtill, the ſame may be ſaid of this State of ours, and the Royal Train that you were part of. It was the Kingdom wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd and *England* in *Exile*. When a Country reels from its ſettled poſture, there is no Defection in him that quits it, it having firſt abandoned it ſelf. In this caſe, though it be a Fallacy in the ſenſe, it holds good in Reaſon, that the Shore moves and falls off from the Sayler; whence you ſee, Sir, there is ſome poſſibility I might reverſe your Travels, were it not for one Argument which abundantly confirms them, The ſage Experience you have Treaſur'd up in your Obſervations; for no ſooner had you loſt your Native Soil; but by way of Repriſal you took in others. The Dominions you viſit you carry along with you, and by a Victorious Induſtry make them pay Tribute to your Underſtanding. Not like a number of our Roaring Gallants, who return ſo empty and without their Errand, as if their Travel (like Witches in the Air) were nothing but the Waſtage of a deluded Phantaſie, perſwading themſelves that they Circle the Globe, when the

the Card they ſail by is nothing elſe but a ſlumbring Impoſture. But methinks we are too Grave, Sir. What if we unbend a while, and preſume to tell you, that in all your Errantry there is no Adventure ſo much affects me, as that of the Nun, where I cannot determine, whether your Love it ſelf were more Exotick, or the form of accoſting it: For although it be natural for Jealouſie to ſtudy Fornication,. and every Cuckold within his own Precincts to be an Engineer; yet never before have I heard of a Miſtreſs fenc'd with a Portcullice, or an amorous Viſit manag'd with the Caution which ſuſpicious Kings uſe in an Enterview. This manner of Greeting may not unfitly be termed *Cupid*'s Barriers; a breathing Exerciſe, rather than a Combat, where the Sporting Champions have a Rail to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermoſt. Had your old Romancing Spirit poſſeſs'd you, the Brandiſh'd Blade would have freed the Lady from her Enchanted Durance. Nor had you been leſs concern'd in the Reſcue than the Fair Recluſe; for who that blows ſhort in expectation of his Love, and in the Heat of Impatience, ſhould be ſevered from his Hopes by a few envious Barrs, would not feel himſelf (like another

ther St. *Laurence*) broil'd on a Gridiron? But ſee how Cuſtoms vary with the Clime. As there are ſome Regions who ſalute one another by putting off their Shooes inſtead of their Hats; ſo it ſeems, where you have been, there is as different a form of Impriſonment or Commitment. The Priſoner is at large and without the Grates, wiſhing for Admittance, and ſhe at whoſe Suit his Soul is arreſted, cloſe clap'd up and abridg'd of Liberty. Sure at this Grate thoſe Chriſom Lovers, call'd Platonicks, had their firſt Training. Thoſe Queaſie Gameſters that diet themſelves with the very Notion of Mingling Souls, without putting the Body to farther Brokage than kiſſing of Hands and twiſting of Eye-beams. For your part, Sir, you are none of thoſe puling Stomachs: You have an Appetite for a whole Cloiſter. It is but Trifling ſport for you to pull down an Out-lyer, unleſs you leap the Pale and let ſlip at the Herd. I wonder what Exorciſms the Abbeſs us'd to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had ſhe not check'd your Hovering Temptations, I am confident by this time you had tranſform'd the Covent, and turn'd the Nunnery into a *Seraglio*. But in ſober Sadneſs, why a Nun, Sir? How came you out of the Active Torrent into that Solitary Creek?

Creek? Princes ſeldom Treat of Matches, but in foraign Dominions. Your Affection takes greater State, as fixing upon one of another World. Had your Paſſion been Centred on the Beauty of her Soul, I had look'd upon it as the Act of your Converſion. Such a Love might juſtly have been Chriſtned by the name of Zeal, being ſettled on a Perſon, with whom to be enamour'd is in a ſort to take Orders. Hence it is there want not ſome who ſuſpect your Religion, leſt equivocating from the Beauty of her Perſon to that of her Profeſſion, you ſhould turn Monaſtick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your Temper, are rather ſolicitous for the Church in General, leſt with *Luther* you ſhould marry a Nun, and ſo with him make her a Joynture in a new Religion. If this be your Plot, Conſider, I pray you, how difficult it is to Innovate farther in this Age of Novelties, when the World is ſo ſpent in new Inventions, that for want of Gain, even Ruſt and Rottenneſs are flouriſhed over with a ſeeming Verdure. Not one of all thoſe Beldam-Hereſies that did Penance formerly by the Doom of the Ancients, but hath caſt her Skin ſince theſe Confuſions, and giveth her ſelf out for a Blooming Virgin. But I think I may ſpare

this

this piece of Counſel, I dare be your Compurgator for meddling with Religion. That which fir'd your Spirits was the Ambition of the Enterprize; nor could you entertain a more Aſpiring Phrenſie, but by making Love to a Glorified Body: Tell me, I pray you, how many Beads did you drop in Wooing? By what Liturgy did you frame your Courtſhip? Laick Applications are here ſcandalous; nor will it avail to ſay, you languiſh without her Compaſſion. A Senſual Man is able to vitiate the Veſtal Flame, even by his Martyrdom; other Lovers in the Jollity of their Trope are wont to Canonize their Miſtreſſes, as being of opinion that the Native Rubrick of their Cheeks hath hallowed them. Will you run Counter to that Conſecration and degrade a Saint by Mortal Addreſſes? If you have no room in your Calendar for Perſons upon Earth, yet do not profane a Probationer of Heaven; as if the readieſt way to rectifie Superſtition, were, with our Modern Reformers, to bow it into Atheiſm. Let me adviſe you, Sir, to retrieve your ſelf back from this Carnal Sacrilege. Catch not at *Heroſtratus* his Fame by ſetting fire on the Temple, and diſpute not a ſhare of Guilt with *Lucifer*, in cauſing a ſecond Fall of Angels. Nay, never

ſtart,

Start, Sir, nor look about at the Expreſſion: for I perſwade my ſelf, that thoſe Divines who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our Protection, would not prejudice their Opinion, ſhould they leave her to her own Tuition, as hardly knowing in ſuch a Perſon how to diſtinguiſh between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our Noble Friend, that what my Phancy ſuggeſted upon this Subject, I would mould into Number; but I muſt beg your pardon, it being a Requeſt with which to comply were to be your Fellow-criminal, and by a Conformity of Guilt pervert a Votary: for even my Muſe is Vow'd and Vail'd too, ſhe is ſet apart for the Service of my Miſtreſs, and what is that but entring Orders in the true Religion. The Truth is this; ſhe is ſo chaſtely confin'd to that ſole Employment; that ſhould I in Verſe attempt to yield you an account how much I honour you, not a whole Grove of Laurel would bribe her to a Diſtich: whereas in Tranſitory Proſe, were I a Maſter of all thoſe Languages, which I make no queſtion but you have gain'd by your Travels, I ſhould hold them all too few to give you ſufficient Aſſurance that I am, *SIR*,

Your moſt Faithful Servant J. C.

The

The Piece of a Common Place upon *Romans* the 4th. Laſt Verſe.

Who was delivered for our Offences, and roſe again for our Juſtification.

THE Athenians had two ſorts of Holy Myſteries, two diſtinct times, *November* and *Auguſt*, for their Celebration: but when King *Demetrius* deſir'd to be admitted into their Fraternity, and ſee both their Solemnities at once, the People paſt a Decree, that the Month *March*, when the King requeſted it, ſhould be call'd *November*, and after the Ceremonies due to that Month were finiſhed, it ſhould be tranſlated to *Auguſt*, and ſo at the ſecond return of this new Leap-year they accompliſhed his Requeſt. Two greater Myſteries are the parts of my Text, the Paſſion and the Reſurrection; ſeveral times appropriate for either *Good Friday* or *Eaſter*. But as the Athenian Decree made *November* and *Auguſt* meet in *March*, ſo give me lieve by a leſs *Syncope* of Time to contract *Good Friday* and *Eaſter* both to a day, as the Paſſion and Reſurrection are both in my Text; *Who was delivered for our offen-*

ces, &c. And I may the rather link them both on a day, because the Text is willing to admit some Resemblance. The Evening and the Morning make the day, saith the Holy Spirit; the Method of my Text observes as much: here is the Evening, the Passion, when our Saviour strip'd himself of those Rags of Mortality, and lay down in the Bed of Corruption, where he stays not long; but the Morning breaks in the Resurrection, *when this Corruptible shall put on Incorruption, and this Mortal shall put on Immortality.* So then my Text is a Day from Sun to Sun, *Soles occidere & redire possunt*, from the Sun-set of his Passion to the Sun-rise of his Resurrection.

The Dew of his Birth is as the Dew of the Morning. There is a Morning-Dew and there is an Evening-Dew; the Evening-Dew, the Tears that are shed at the Sun's Funeral, and they may justly decypher the Passion; the Morning-Dew, the Tears of Joy and Welcom at his new Return; and what is that but a Transcript of the Resurrection?

My Discourse then must be changeable, compos'd of a Cloud and a Rain-bow.

Nocte pluit tota——

A Deluge of Grief-ſhowers down in the Paſſion, but the Waters will ceaſe, and the Dove will return with a Leaf in her mouth,

——— *Redeunt Spectacula mane,*

Nothing but Joy and Triumph, Pomp and Pageants at the Reſurrection. But methinks St. *Paul* puts new Cloth into an old Garment, mends the Rent of the Paſſion with the Reſurrection. *Can the children of the Bride-chamber weep while the Bridegroom is with them?* While the Reſurrection is in the Text, who can Tune his Soul to lament his Paſſion; again, by the Waters of *Babylon* is no ſinging the Songs of *Sion.* When Grief hath lock'd up the Heart with the ſtory of the Paſſion, what Key of Mirth can let in the Anthem of the Reſurrection? Different Notes you ſee, and yet wee'l attempt an Harmony. *Baſſus* and *Altus*, a Deep Baſe that muſt reach as low as Hell to deſcribe the Paſſion, and thence rebound to a joyful *Altus*, the high-ſtrain of the Reſurrection.

I begin with the Evening, and ſo I may well ſtyle the Paſſion, ſince the Horrour thereof turn'd Noon into Night, and made a Miracle maintain my Metaphor. The

Sun was obſcur'd by Sympathy, and his Darkneſs points us to a greater Eclipſe. The Sun and the Moon, what are they but Parables of our Saviour and the Soul of Man? The Moon is the Soul; I am ſure her Spots will not Confute the Similitude. I might here ſlacken the Reigns of my Compariſon, and ſhew you how the Moon of her ſelf is a dark Body, and what Light ſhe partakes, ſhe receives it from the Sun at ſecond hand. How every Soul is by Nature ſinful and in the Shadow of Death, till *the Light that lightens the Gentiles, till the day-ſpring on high viſit us.* I might purſue my Allegory in the Eclipſe. The Shadow of the Earth intercepts the Beams of the Sun, and ſo the Moon ſuffers an Eclipſe. Pleaſure and Profit, thoſe two Dugs of the World what are they but Earthly ſhadows that Eclipſe the Soul, and deprive it of the ſweet influence of the Sun of Righteouſneſs. But I hold me to the Metaphor, my Text will warrant the Parallel. As the Moon is Eclipſed by the Earth, ſo ſhe her ſelf Eclipſes the Sun. The Soul is not only ſinful, but makes God ſuffer; ἐκλείπεσθαι is a Phyſick-word, and ſignifies the Labour of a Diſeaſe. Cure thy ſelf, and there will be no Eclipſe in him: Apply but Salve to thy ſelf, and thou'lt heal the

the Wounds that thy Sins have made. *Paſſus eſt Deliquium propter Delicta noſtra. Deliquium* and *Delictum* proceed both from a Root. He had never been delivered unto Death, but for the Gaol-delivery of our Offences. See the Difference betwixt God's and Man's Eclipſe. Man's ſets God and him at odds; God's reconciles them. The Moon when ſhe is Eclipſed is always in Oppoſition with the Sun. The Soul will ſin, though ſhe be at Enmity with God for't: but the Sun when he is Eclipſed is always in Conjunction with the Moon. God will be Friends with Man, though he purchaſe the Union with his Paſſion, and ſeal the Covenant with his own Blood. But that all things which concern the Paſſion may be miraculous, wee'l proceed in Method and reſtrain that to Order and Diſtinction, which put Nature out of Frame, and threatned the World with Confuſion. Conſider then my Text, like the Veil of the Temple rent in twain, ὅτι and διότι, *He was delivered for our Offences*; nay 'tis rent from top toth' bottom; the ſame parts will ſerve for the Reſurrection, *He roſe again for our Juſtification.*

And well may my Text be divided by the Temple, ſince our Saviour ſhadowed both parts of it under that Nation. *I will*

destroy this Temple, and within three days I will build it again. And now I begin with *Simon* of *Cyrene*, to bear his Cross, and labour, as he did, under the burthen. The Death of the Cross, all the Languages upon it cannot express it: but we see the Sun better by looking into the Waters, than by affronting his Beams. The only way to comprehend the Sufferings of our Creator, is by feeling the Pulse of the Creature. What shall I say to the Convulsion of the Rocks? The Lapidary tells you how the Compassionate Turcoise confesseth the Sickness of his Wearer by changing colour. The whole Rocks suffered with our Saviour, they were cleft; and shall not this rend our stony hearts? O that *Deucalion*'s Men were not now a Fable! *Caucasus* is supple in comparison of our Breasts. Marble can weep, whilest we are Pumices. *Moses* his Rod will sooner fetch a River out of a Rock, than a Tear from a Rebellious Sinner. The Earthquake is the next Miracle. *Tremble thou Earth at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob.* She tottered under the Burden of so great a Sin. She had lost the Author of her being, and so might well be struck with a dead Palsie. 'Tis a good Observation of *Aristotle*, that among all the

the abſurd Opinions of the old Philoſophers; who held the Soul to be Fire; ſome Air, ſome Water; none ever had ſo groſs a Soul as to conceive it to be Earth. O that in this caſe we were Earthy-minded! That we were affected with this Religious Palſie! Then ſhould we ſee that *Motus Trepidationis*, the Motion of the Heavens as well as the Earth. We muſt *work out our ſalvation with fear and trembling.* But the Earth hath quaked ſo long till it hath awakened the Dead: nor is it a wonder that the Dead live, when Life it ſelf can die. Heaven deſcends into the Bowels of the Earth, and, to make up the Anagramm, the Graves open and the Duſt ariſeth. Thus were all things ſhuffled, and Nature rung the Bells backwards, as if every Creature deſir'd to bear the Burden of our Saviour's Elegy. *Attendite & videte —— Behold and ſee if ever, there was ſorrow like unto my ſorrow. Cyrus* to be revenged of a River cut it into ſo many Channels, that it loſt its Name. This is the way to allay a Grief, to divide it into ſo many ſtreams, to pour it into other Boſoms; but even this is denied to our Saviour. The Sons of *Zebedee* do not now petition to drink his Cup: They would not now be one on his right hand, another on his left; no, he is

crucified betwixt two Thieves. The Quality of his Companions augments his Misery. He was born among Beasts, and doth he not die so too? Man without understanding is like unto a Beast that perisheth. Betwixt two Thieves. You see Vice to Vertue is two to one: Vertue is in the Centre, Vice in the Circumference; vast is the Circuit; *Universus orbis, the whole World lies in Wickedness*, whilst Vertue like the Centre is but an Imaginary point. Thieves, and well too, *Barrabbas* was too good for him now; mark but their Election; *Not him, but Barrabbas*. But methinks his Crown might command a Distance; but 'tis a Crown of Thorns: and if you consider well the Troubles annex'd to a Crown, it may seem a *Tautology*. Every Crown is a Crown of Thorns. See here Cruelty Quartering her Arms with Division. *Pseudo-Philippus*, that Counterfeit of the Macedonian King, when he was taken by the Romans, had so much honourable Calamity indulg'd unto him; *Quod de eo tanquam de vero Rege triumpharetur*. They Crown him, but 'tis for Sacrifice. They never acknowledge him King of the Jews, till upon the Cross, that so his Title might set off his Misery.

The Anſwer to the Newark-*Summons.*

BUT that it argues a greater Courage to paſs the Teſt of a Temptation uncorrupted, than with a timorous Vertue to decline the Trial, ſo jealous is this Maiden Garriſon of ſullying her Loyalty, that ſhe had return'd your Summons without peruſal. Which rebound of your Letter, as it were a laudable Coyneſs to preſerve her Integrity; ſo it is the moſt compendious Anſwer to what you propound. For I hope you intend it rather as a Mode and Formality to preface your deſign, than with expectation of an Iſſue ſutable to your Demands. You cannot imagine this untainted *Newark*, which hath ſo ſtoutly defended her Honour againſt ſeveral intended Rapes, ſhould be ſo degenerous from her Virgin Glory as to admit the Courtſhip of either your Rival Nations. Having therefore received a Letter ſubſcribed with Competition of both Kingdoms, ſhe wonders not at your buſie endeavour to divert her *Trent*, ſince the *Thames* and *Tweed* with equal Ambition would crowd into her Channel. Which Letter, ſince it proceeded from a Committee, and was directed after

after the ſame Garb, as to a Committee-Governour, by putting the Gentlemen and Corporation in equal Commiſſion (though the joyning us together was with Intention to divide us) I ſhall in ſatisfaction of yours unanimouſly deſire you to reflect upon the King's Letter, lately ſent to both Houſes of Parliament, where, in a full Complyance with all their Deſires upon the ſofteſt Terms, and gentleſt Conditions that ever Prince propounded, he offers to disband all his Forces, and diſmantle his Garriſons. To what end then do you demand that of of the Steward whereof the Lord and Maſter makes a voluntary tender? In vain do you court the Inferiour Streams, when the Spring-head prevents your expectation. It is our Duty to trace his Commands, not to outſtrip them. So that if Honour and Conſcience would permit the Delivery, meer Manners would retard us, leſt by an over-reaching ſpeed we fruſtrate his Majeſty's Act of Grace, and antedate his Royal Diſpoſal. I ſhall wave the Arguments wherewith you endeavour to evince our Conſent. I am neither to be ſtroak'd into an Apoſtacy, by the mention of fair Conditions in a miſty Notion: Nor to be ſcar'd into Diſhonour by your running Diviſion on the Fate of *Cheſter*. For as I am no

Huckſter

Huckſter in the War, to meaſure my Allegeance by my intereſt for the former; ſo I diſdain that Poverty of Spirit, by a Reſemblance of *Cheſter* to be executed in Picture. I ſhall be Loyal without that Copy, and I hope never to be the Tranſcript of their Calamity. You may do well, Gentlemen, to uſe your Fortune modeſtly, and think not that God Almighty doth uphold your Cauſe by reaſon of your Victories; perchance he fattens it with preſent Succeſs for a riper Deſtruction. For my part I had rather embrace a Wrack floating upon a ſingle Plank, than imbarque in your Action with the fulleſt Sails to dance upon the Wings of Fortune. Whereas you urge the expence of the Siege, and the preſſures of the Country in ſupporting your Charge, there I confeſs I am touched to the quick: But their Miſeries, though they make my Heart bleed, muſt not make my Honour. My Compaſſion to my Country muſt not make me a Parricide to my Prince. Yet in order to their eaſe, if you will grant me a Paſs for ſome Gentlemento go to *Oxford*, that I may know his Majeſty's pleaſure, whether, according to his Letter, he will wind up the Buſineſs in general, or leave every Commander to ſteer his own Courſe; then I ſhall know what to determine.

termine. Otherwise I desire you to take notice, that when I received my Commission for the Government of this place, I annex'd my Life as a Label to my Trust.

Oratio

Oratio in Scholis Publicis habita cum junior Baccalaureus in Tripodem disputaret *Cantab.*

QVos ne videre possum citra oculorum hyperbolen, quomodo vos compellarem? Et cum altissimus vester gradus sine scalâ occupari nequeat, quænam Orationis Climax vestram scandet dignitatem? Vestram dum suspicio in meo vultu invenio purpuram; & ingentis curæ quæ præstandæ observantiæ me habet solicitum, non novi subtilius argumentum quam stuporem. Quod autem Poetarum Princeps *Deorum Senatum cogit ad suam Batrachomyomachiam, pari audacia liceat & mihi vos ad ludicrum hoc certamen nostrum invitare. Umbra est hæc nostra contentio & Icon belli Murium & Ranarum pugna, quid aliud quàm Iliadis Brachygraphia? & in pusillis istis animalibus* Hector & Achilles *(tanquam Iliades in nuce) coarctantur. Ea siquidem est pensi nostri conditio, ut hic etiam* Mars & Venus *implicati jacent. Pugna est, sed ludicra; Ludus, & tamen bellicus; ita ut nec bis cincta placeat* Philosophia, *nec nuda* Cytherea. *Qui virili toga indutus, necdum reliquit nuces, sed totus jocos crepat, hujus ego* Palladem *posthumam*

cerebri

cerebri sui prolem existimabo. Qui in hisce Floralibus solus Cato, *& inter* Philosophiæ *spinas nullos admittit Rhetoricæ flores, hujus* Minerva (*ad* Amazonis *instar*) *alterâ mammâ destituitur. Ille demum sit noster Miles, qui & sese præstet ingenii Velitem, &* Philosophiæ *Cataphractum; qui & viriliter audet disputare, & pueriliter cum Bipede Tripode par impar ludere. Me quod spectat ita rationem ad agendum subduxi meam, ut utrinque munus moliar & subterfugiam, & pudibundæ metum inter & officium Musa, & fugit ad salices, & videri cupit.*

Oratio

Oratio Salutatoria in Adventum Illuſtriſſimi Principis Palatini.

Sereniſſime Comes Palatine.

SI Archetypam corporis veſtri elegantiam poſſem tranſcribere, & Orationem meam tanquam venuſtatis Metaphoram à veſtro vultu deducere, ita Imaginem veſtram æmulis encomiis exprimerem, ut qui ſpectatum venias, venires ſpectandus, & unicum eſſet Johannenſe ſpectaculum teipſum tibi oſtentare. Sed quoniam ad hoſce ſolares radios caligat penitus Athenienſis Noctua, gratulor mihi meam inertiam, ſtuporem jacto: ita enim cum Sacratiſſimo Principe in tenebrâ quadam collocatus ſum, ut in quantum me deprimit mea humilis facultas, in tantum ſurſum nititur veſtra ſublimitas. Salve igitur, deſideratiſſime Princeps, hujus Collegii Anima, vel potius omnium animarum Collegium; ita tibi ſinguli devoti ſumus, & in obſequium veſtrum juncta phalange omnes ruimus. Ecce tibi Majorum tuorum Monumenta! Margaretæ *docta mœnia, quæ* Semiramis *invideat* Margaretæ! Henrici *Septimi, & noſtrûm omnium Matris; quæ uno partu enixa eſt quos* Herculem *fabulantur genuiſſe, quinquaginta Socios. Nec Tibi, Stemmatique veſtro*

ſtro ſolam Margaretam *debemus, quin & paternæ gloriæ hæres eſto;* Fredericum *volo beatiſſimæ memoriæ, qui viginti abhinc plus minus annis, una cum Auguſtiſſimo* Carolo *tunc temporis ſurgente* Iulo, *ad hanc* Margaretæ *Sobolem, quaſi Compatres duo & Suſceptores acceſſerunt. O quam læti meditamur iſtum natalem noſtrum diemque adeo feſtum, ut muros hoſce ſacro quodam minio pinxiſſe videatur! Ecquid huic fœlicitati ſupereſſe poſſit? Poſſit, ut quod Patris ſplendore ſemel tinctum veſtro olim foret Dibaphum; Sequeriſque Patrem jam paſſibus æquis. Enge ſpecioſum Principem! in quo omnium legimus Simulachra Autographa;* Margaretæ *noſtræ Palladium* Frederici *Patris Numiſma aureum & Matris* Corneliæ *Ornamentum,* Elizabethæ *dulciſſimæ, & in veſtro vultu totam Deam confeſſæ; cujus laudes ut hodiernum ſæculum effundit, ita Poſteritatis Echo reparabit: cujus maſcula anima jam ſexu veſtitur maſculo,* Elizabetha Carolo. Carolo! *O quam luxuriat dicendi Seges! Quam decies repetitus placebit* Carolus! Carolus Caroli *Sobrinus & Caroli Avunculus. O Beatiſſima* Carolorum *Climax! Macte eſto gradibus Carolina ſcala, ut cum præ altitudine ſuâ ſupremus Rex* Carolus *Cœlos ſcandat, novi ſubinde ſuccreſcant* Caroli, *quibus, quaſi internodiis, diſtincta ejus æternitas*

uſque

usque & usque floreat; sic ipse sibi superstes Carolus, *non hominum (parum illud* Nestoris) *sed* Carolorum *tres ætates vivat, Filii, Sobrini, utriusque* Caroli.

Ad Regem & Principem in Colleg. *Johan.*

QUÆ nupero dolore obrignit Academia, tanquam orbatæ Niobes *soror saxea, si in pristinam Facundiam resolvatur hodie agnoscit omen vestræ Præsentiæ.* Memnonis *statua solaribus percussa radiis vocalem Musicam dedisse fertur: habent vel hi Parietes Chordas Magicas, quas minima vultûs vestri strictura, quasi plectro animavit. Nec magis eloquuntur Lapides, quàm è diametro miraculi stupent Oratores. Quod in afflatis Numine fieri videmus; ita Deum recipere ut ejiciant Hominem, instinctu sapere, non intellectu; perinde vestra in nobis hospitatur Divinitas, cujus nimius splendor omnes omnium sensus sacrificat, & tam sanctam nostri jacturam in lucro deputamus. Ignoscimus jam Fatis immodestiam suam, imminens Literarum exitium ut favoris insidias gratulamur: scilicet, ambitiosæ moriuntur*

untur Musæ, quæ ad vestros pedes efflabunt Vale. Luſit Archimedes *Cœlos in Sphæra; quid ni dicam* Jovem *in* Carolo *fabricatum? Adeo ut Orator ille qui, manu deorſum flexâ, O Cœlum exclamavit, ſi iſtum ad modum perorâſſet hodie, ſolœciſmum manu non commiſiſſet. Enimvero cum Regem Optimum Maximum & Principem ſimul aſtantes videam, neſcio quomodo Principis Natalis videatur redux; ubi Solem & Stellam fulgentes à Symbolis (licet non equis radiis) conſpicati ſumus.* Cæſare *mortuo novum in cœlis emicuit ſydus, quod* Julii *Anima paſſim audiit.* Cæſaris *Epilogus fuit Prologus* Caroli; *neque enim aptior Stella, quam Invictiſſima illius Herois Anima, quæ veſtræ ſoboli res gerendas ominaretur. Stellam dixi? Muto factum; crederem potius ipſum Solem fuiſſe, qui tunc temporis tibi religavit moderamen Dei, & ut Principis cunas fortius videret, ſuum in ſtellam contraxit oculum. Eccent patriſſat* Carolus! *Ut ad veſtras Virtutes anhelus ſurgit! Quod ſub pientiſſimo Rege accidiſſe legimus Solem multis gradibus retro ferri, Principis ætas pari portento compenſavit damnum, cujus feſtina virtus devorat Horologium, & Pueritiâ nondum libatâ Meridiem attigit. Parcatur mihi, ſi turgeat Oratio; ſi nihil præter Solem & Stellas crepet; quippe in Principis Natali*

ipſa

ipſa Natura mihi præivit Allegoriam. O fœlicem interim Academiam, & Æternitatem quandam naſcamlquæ in Rege & Principe, & eſſe noſtrum, & noſtrum fore ſimul complectitur. Non eſt quod plura expectentur ſæcula; viximus & noſtram & poſterorum vitam. Sed vereor ne moleſtus fuerim importuno officio, quod in tam illuſtri præſentia in neſcio quid majus piaculo excreſcit. Minima coram Rege Errata, tanquam anguſtiores rimæ, extenduntur lumine. Oratio itaque noſtra pro gentio temporum reformabitur, vel, quod tantundem eſt, reſcindetur. Hoc unicum præfabor votum; Vivas Auguſtiſſime, Pietas tuorum & Tremor Hoſtium. Vivas, vel in hoc derelivio, Literarum Stator. Vivat denique eam indutus gloriam, ut Filium tuum Carolum appellemus Maximum, quia ſolo Patre minorem.

Oratio habita ad Legatum quendam Gallicum, & *Hollandiæ* Comitem, tunc temporis Academiæ Cancellarium.

QUam Augusta sit vestra Præsentia, & quam sacro horrore nostros percellit animos, utinam Oratoris vestri stupor non ita nimis testaretur. Quem enim alacritas officii modo accenderat ut vos salutarem, impedit jam eadem Religione in illas aures importunus ruerem inquilinus, ubi Regum consilia habitarunt. Nec magis alloqui quam intueri nefas. Fulgura sunt in amborum oculis, quorum splendorem si quis aspiceret, bidental fieret. Si quis Persarum, *qui veneratur Solem, vos intueretur, utrumque ratus Numen, suum divideret sacrificium. Nos quod attinet, fatemur lippitudine radiorum victoriam, & hoc geminum honoris jubar imbellis nostra acies eo magis commendat, quo minus sustineat. Salve igitur, Celeberrime Hospes, cujus gratissimi adventus, ut capacia essent nostra pectora, magnitudo gaudii nosipsos à nobis exclusit foras. Ecce quot Helluones oculi vos inspicimus! Quot in vestris vultibus Quadragesimam violamus! Sed nos indigni tantis dapibus.*

Marga-

Margareta, & *Regii illi Manes, quos in Fundatoribus noſtris numeramus, per me, tanquam per Legatum ſuum (ut Titulo veſtro ſuperbire liceat) Adventum vobis gratulantur. Nec invideas mihi, clariſſime Advena, Legati nomen; nam cum Celſitudo veſtra ad gradum meum (quem ſuſcepiſti modo) dignaretur deſcendere, Humilitas noſtra (quod in bilance ſolet) ad veſtrum apicem aſſurgebat. Scholas vidiſti & illud unicum Sacellum, quorum alteri docuiſti Literas, alteri Pietatem. Et quid amplius ſtudes apud nos inviſere? Eccum Academiam integram, Cancellarium digniſſimum, qui quicquid* Cantabrigia *noſtra complectitur plenius repræſentat. Theatra & Scholarum Pyramides nos ludibundi Vitruvii ædificamus in chartis. Tu, Tu Architectus fortunæ noſtræ, cujus Magnificentia vel Pictoris noſtri audaciam ſuperabit. Multus ſum, Honoratiſſime Orator, in Cancellarii debitiſſimis laudibus, ut ſcias qualis Heros, quantus aliorum Patronus honori veſtro hodie inſerviat. Certè dum vos Majorum Gentium Nobiles ſimul adſtantes videam. Neſcio quis Iſthmus videatur* Galliam & Britanniam (*invito Oceano*) *conjunxiſſe. Quin perpetuus ſit ille Regionum nodus, & ita Gordianus, ut neuter* Alexander *diſcindat gladio. Plura vellem, & uſque pergeret votorum pietas, ſed victus di-*

viti argumento plusquam Demosthenis *Anginam patior. Quare si aures vestras, Regibus assuetas, nimis detinendo sacrilegus fuerim; si quid déliquerim, hoc saltem sit subitæ Orationis prodiga temeritas; ut nè paratus ad peccandum prodiisse videar.*

Oratio

Oratio habita cum unus è Prelectoribus, deficiente Termino, pensum (pro more) imponeret.

HOdiernus intravi (Juvenes Academici) tanquam Cato *Floralia, ut exirem tantum. Convenimus fateor, sed ut dissiliamus: Siquidem hoc est longum Vale moribundi Termini, qui nollet (ut Juridici loquuntur) intestatus mori. Sed singulis vestrum Legatum tribuit, & ejusdem ceræ cohæredes reddit. Penso igitur vobis erit* Aristotelis *Liber primus de Anima Conscriptus. Et quidem vos scio unam vel alteram Authoris paginam posse transcribere: hoc autem à vobis non expeto. Neque est ut expectarem ut* Heautontimorumenos *& miserè Absyrtos veteres Philosophos in Cruciatus denuò redigatis. Ruente Quercu vel quilibet Homuncio ligna colliget. Illius autem animosior est Spiritus qui è triumphantis Philosophi Faucibus eripiat, & eorum aliquem sub Clientela sua patrocinetur. Obsoleta ista* Democriti, *vel etiam* Thaletis *opinio ingenio Vestro fiat Authentica. Neque tamen in ullas angustias vos redigam. Universas Naturæ Pandectas habeatis vobis usurarias. Modo etiam placuerit, (eruditi Juvenes) liceat vobis leviter per-*

ſtringere, & exeſa iſta Philoſophorum Placita riſui exponere. Quod ſi ita iis contigerit occumbere, habent quod Fatis imputent. Stuporem jactent, atque impotentiam ſuam in lucro poſſunt deputare: Si pereant manibus veſtris periiſſe juvabit.

Oratio

Oratio habita in Scholis publicis cum Patris officio fungeretur.

QVam æquivocum ſit Patris nomen, quota & quam diſcolor officii ratio, ſi non aliunde, ab hac varia frequentia (Severiores viri & Lepidiſſima proles) poſſem dignoſcere? Si enim ad ſingula Auditorum ingenia quilibet Orator componendus ſit, ita ut cum Senibus tuſſiat, rideat cum pueris; quid ego hominis? Quale futurus ſum Monſtrum, gravitate & nucibus, Patre & puero interpunctum? Quod in diſpertita & expanſa Aquila fieri videmus unum corpus duplicem oſtentare faciem: eadem eſt noſtra erga vos & filios bifrons conditio. Hos cum aſpicio, ſum ſenex Aquila pullos meos ad veſtrũ jubar exploratura; ubi vos è contra, neſcio quomodo ipſe in pullum redeo, & ad inſtar Aquilæ juventutem renovo. Duæ igitur Dramatis perſonæ ſuſtinendæ ſunt; veſtrâ in ſcenâ acturus ſum Filium, in veſtrâ Patrem, alterum genu flexum, alterum ſtabit Elephantinum, oſcillatione, quod quod aiunt, ludam. Superam modo, modo inferam occupabo partem; partim Senex, partim Puer, qualis Æſon ille in Aheno Medeæ *ſemicoctus. Et quæ quidem aptior via inveniri poterat quam per ferulam ad faſces, per Filii ſcabellum ad culmen Patris aſſurgere? Serviendum*

dum ut imperes, Aulicorum methodus; à Vitulo ad Taurum Milonis *progreſſus. Vobis igitur, Viri Graviſſimi, primitiæ noſtræ ſunt conſecrandæ; quod ſi nullo, vel, quod perinde eſt, trabatitio tantum honore proſequerer, non dico cauſam, quin filii mei improbitate erga me pari, injuriam veſtram ulciſcantur. Neque tamen interea noſcimus quali vos compellemus nomine, quorum Eruditio ſcribit Academiæ Maritos, obſequium malit Filios.* Perplexus fuit & tortuoſus ille inceſti nodus, *quem de* Oedipo *ſuo fabulatur* Græcia; *major* Mæander *unuſquiſque veſtrûm, quorum eruditione cum Alma Mater gravida fiat, & quotannis parturiat; quorum præceptis & exemplari virtute; cum tenella pubes (quaſi binis uberibus) lactetur indies; non* Oedipus *majori cum ænigmate ſceleratus, quam quilibet veſtrum pius: Matris Maritus, Uxoris Filius, & Fratrum* Pater. *Neque hic ſe ſiſtit veſtra divina indoles, cujus vel pictura eſt ſatis prolifica; ſiquidem Alma Mater ubi concipiat, ſpeciem veſtram ob oculos ponit, veſtrum inſtar repræſentat animo, ut maſculam magis, magis exultam ſobolem enitatur. Illi, illi eſtis, quibus ſi ante inventas literas contigiſſet vivere, Imagines veſtras ab Ægyptiis expreſſas, hodie pro Artibus & Scientiis legeremus. Non ego ſequax erroris illius qui nihil*

nihil egregium ducit niſi quod vetuſtum, qui præſentia faſtidit tempora, & ex heſterno jure panem atrum vorat. Seneſcit, ſi Diis placet, Natura; Majoribus quidem noſtris dedit animarum jugera, nobis ſpithamas; Gigantes illi, nos Puſiones. Degeneres animæ & verè minores in hac opinione: Lucrifecit hæc ætas, non decoxit. Illi quidem Literarum Atavi, ſed quota eſt familia? cujus primus fuit illud quod dicere nolo, ſecundus illud quod nequeo: Humilis principii nobilis progreſſus. Habeant quod ſuum eſt Antiqui, ſed nè in ſolidum fiant Domini: ſuas ſibi laudes vendicent, ſed veſtras vobis nè præripiant; quorum ego meritis tantum confido, ut veterum ſicut canitiem veneror, ſic miſereor impotentiam. Ructarunt illi glandes, veſtrum eſt triticum: calceati eorum dentes, & victus aſper, veſtræ dapes & ingenii gulæ; quibus quod retro eſt ſeculum tantùm ſtrævit menſam, erit à quadris futurum. Clari Convivæ, quibus obſonantur antiqui, miniſtrant poſteri. Sed quam effrons ego & devorati pudoris, qui dum veſtra molior Encomia, Orationem meam fœlicitatis tantæ commenſalem reddam! Liceat tamen peccare, Auditores, ut ignoſcatis; purpura elotis maculis eſt iterata murice; gloriabor de culpâ à vobis remiſſâ magis quam de innocentiâ. Julius Sabinus, *cum à Romano imperio defeciſſet, ſu-*

ſis

sis jam copiis & afflictis rebus in monumentum quoddam se abdidisse dicitur, ubi cum Uxore tamdiu latuerit, ut plures filios ex ea susceperit; tandem vero deprehensus, & pro Tribunali positus, filios suos in medium sistens, sic affatur Judicem. Parce, Parce, Cæsar; *hos in monumento genui, hosce alui, ut tibi plures essemus supplices. Vestram fidem,* Auditores, *quicquamne uspiam rotundius dictum? Consulite quicquid est Rhetorum. O vanas spes tuas* Cicero! *O frustra susceptos labores! O inanes cogitationes! Tinnis, tinnis præ hoc Oratorum maximo, qui si cum Uxore tua Rhetorica tamdiu in Musæo conclusus esses, quam ille in Monumento, nunquam Orationem hujus parem genuisses. Gratias tibi,* Sabine, *de excusatione mea, qui cum necesse sit ut delinquam, habeo tamen deprecandi formulam. Habeo filios quos ostendam, hanc circumstantem Rhetoricam. Magna, magna est Infantium Eloquentia, qui eò plus exorant quò non loquantur. Eorum illice tacendi Suadâ & ego in præsens utar; neque dubito quin plus favoris demerear silentio, quam ulteriori tædio.*

Actus primi Scena ſecunda.

REdeo jam alter Soſia: *Redeo cum annorum ſarcina. O quam tacito pede tempus labitur, & obrepit non intellecta ſenectus! Non eſt, quam videtis, barbæ deſperatio, ſed genarum calvities; non ſum implumis puer, ſed deflaccatus ſenex. Prodite igitur in aciem, mei filii; non in aciem ingenii; nollem enim vos nimis ingenioſos in pueritia, ne Doctores ſitis in ſenectute. Prudens Natura dedit Infantulis rationis ſomnum, ut in ætatis veſpera lucubrentur. Cum animæ nimis vigiles in prætexta, dormiunt, ut videtis, in purpura. Feſto die ſi quid prodigeris, pro feſto egere liceat, modo non peperceris; ſi Juvenes prodigatis cerebra, Senes capita eritis & nil præterea. Sed non eſt quod de vobis metuam; pari modo noſtra, quo Claudiana familia eſt intertexta, aut Regem, aut Fatuum naſci oportet; aut lepidos & facetos Juvenes, aut eorum Antipodas. Illos ita hilares & jocoſos, ut ex* Jovis *cerebro jurares natos, alios ita hebetes & tardos, ut vel ex patris delirio, vel ex noviſſimo decreto. Non magis differunt illæ primæ ſorores, Nox & Dies, quam hi Fratres. In hiſce radiorum pompa & adulta lux; in illis ſpiſſæ tene-*

bræ

bræ, vel, ſi quod Intellectûs lumen, qualis è ſquamis piſcium, aut putri ligno nocturnus ſplendor. Hercules & Iphiclus *fratres fuerunt, indole diſpares;* Herculi *fortitudo data eſt,* Iphiclo *pernicitas pedum, ac ſi illum* Alcmena *ad bellum, hunc ad fugam peperiſſet. Eſt & nobis multiplex* Hercules, *qui duodecim terminos totidem laboribus menſuravit: unus forſan aut alter* Iphiclus, *qui pocula ſacra bibit & fugit; qui non ultrà ſe* Herculis *fratrem demonſtrat, quam quod trinoctium illud quod ad procreandum* Herculem *continuavit* Jupiter *in intellectu ſuo uſque conſervat. Nata eſt (quantvis novitia) de quadam fabula; qui cum agnum inſidiis excepiſſet, & odora nare perſequeretur Paſtor, ubi nullus pateret effugii locus, tugurium intrat, agnum faſciis involutum in cunas componit, quas huc illuc ſubinde quaſſat, ut balanti puero conciliaret ſomnum; ſic ſcrutantium examen eluſit, & aſtu non diſpari* Ulyſſem *vicit: Sunt & in noſtra prole aliqui, quorum cunas ſi penitus excutiatis, illuc etiam reperire eſt illud ſimplicius animal, nihil præter agninam pellem & innocentiam. Mortale vvum* Caſtoris, *immortale* Pollucis; *hic* Jovem *Deum imitatur, æternus, viridis, & mutationis expers; ille* Jovem *Cygnum; nec diu erit quin ſenior factus canitie ſimulabit plumas; alter filius* Jovis, *alter* Μεταμορφώ-

σεως.

σεως. *Quis tantam componet litem? Quis conciliabit inter ſeſe tam multiformis fœtus membra? Det* Pollux Caſtori *immortalitatem mutuam, uterque vivet alternatim; dies noctem lucem accommodet, utrinque crepuſculum fiet; ſpargantur in omnibus merita, quæ in aliquibus fluunt miſta, & mea fide omnes idonei ad reſpondendum quæſtioni. Hi tamen ſunt in quibus ſtabit hodierna hilaritas: cum enim penuria verborum ſit Mater Rhetoricæ, non video quin defectus ingenii ſit Pater Jocorum. Sed eſto quod non ſunt agiles & ad ingenium prompti; nonne ſtatutis magis morigeri? Non ſunt ſtupidi, tantum obtemperant Authoritati. Centurio cum à Prælio abeſſet, & Africanus Victor cauſam quæreret, reſpondit, ſe tuendis caſtris dediſſe operam, ne cæteris in acie detentis diriperentur; ſuboluit Duci puſillanimis ratio. Non amo nimium diligentes. Etiam & filii mei hiſce lepidis Exercitiis intereſſent, niſi quod tuenda ſunt Caſtra, obſervanda Statuta, ne cæteris jocantibus violarentur. Euge mei filii! non fuit Militis ignavia, ſed Caſtrorum cura; non Torpor ingenii, ſed metus Statuti. Lex fuit antiqua in Tabulis Decemviralibus primum inventa, ad* Juſtiniani *Codicem poſtea progreſſa, in Jure qua Canonico, qua Civili receptiſſima; & tandem ad hoc Municipale noſtrum delapſa. Si quis faxit plus quam*

poſſit

possit damnas esto. Lex imponit Castitatis fibulam; nonne damnandus Eunuchus si committat stuprum? Cavet Statutum ut frugi vivamus: nonne culpandus Mendicus si luxurietur? Pari modo plectendi sunt mei filii si sint ingeniosi. Crudele Decretum quod mutis execuit linguas, cæcis extinxit oculos, filis meis ingenio interdixit.

Oratio

Oratio Inauguralis, cùm Prælectoris Rhetorici munus auſpicaretur.

QVanta & quàm divina ſit veſtra benefaciendi Indoles, quàm pauperrima Gratitudinis noſtræ talio, neſcio an diutinum meum ſilentium, an hodierna Oratio inculentius fuerit teſtimonium. Imparem ſe fatetur modeſta taciturnitas, & in tanto certamine maluit cedere, quam infantibus Gratiis humanitatem veſtram balbutire. In minimis & quæ compenſari poſſunt beneficiis peccat ſilentium, quod in majoribus eſt religioſum. Sed frigidè agnoſcere, tantundem ac tacere; & in hoc tamen ſcelere pietatem meam invenietis, quod enim ſollicitis votis ambiunt alii, ut favori veſtro paribus numeris reſpondeant, ut munus & Gratiæ in amœbæam quandam Eclogam coaleſcant; ſecus ego gratulor meam gratiarum ignaviam: quò enim magis infra muneris veſtri magnitudinem ſubſido, eò infamiâ meâ munus commendo. Gratiæ cum beneficio in bilance poſitæ, & pro levitate ſuâ in ſublime actæ, ex proprio ludibrio gloriam addunt & pondus beneficio. Quod ſi elegantes magis velitis gratias, eſtote vos minus munifici, Gratitudo eſt beneficii Echo, quæ ut ſingula verba poteſt

repetere, ita longam ſententiam ne dimidiare. Monoſyllaba (ut ita dicam) beneficia facilè reverberamus, cum grandioribus & veſtris ne unam aut alteram ſyllabam rependimus: prodeo igitur in aciem cum amore veſtro, ſed ut ſuccumbam ſtudeo. Contendunt gratiæ cum beneficio, ſed ut ex iſtâ pugnâ major appareat veſtra victoria. Qui in hoſtis poteſtatem ſe lubens offert, invidet hoſti honorem ſuum; plenior ex capto quàm ex dedititio Triumphus; & major erit munificentiæ veſtræ Pæan ex Oratore victo, quam ex imbelli ſilentio. Quorſum autem ego in hæc ſubſellia aſcenderem, qui ita hæreditarium à proavis meis prælectoribus accepi ſilentium, ut neceſſe habuerim quaſi ex traduce, tacniſſe? Erat enim, cùm Lectores legere pleonaſmus haberetur. Artis fuit apud illos diſſimulare Artem; munus ſuſcipere, cum privilegio dormire; implere autem, (abſit omen!) officium; ad induſtriam prodere, de poſteris mereri malè. Crediderim ſanè ego illud fuiſſe muneris noſtri ingenium, ut, quod Papæ ſolent, illarum virtutum à quibus maximè diſtant eſſe cognomines; proinde Rhetores eligerentur illi, qui per integrum annum obmuteſcerent. Nec immeritò; tam raræ enim fuerunt, tam infrequentes prælectiones noſtræ, tam ſeculares denique, ut neſcio quî poſſum melius præfari, quàm illis præconis verbis; Venite ad Ludos

quos

quos nemo mortalium unquam vidit, nec visurus est posthea. Sed nova hoc anno exoritur Lectorum Religio, quî, aliter ac Lectores solent, ad Canones & Statuta revocamur. Stamus indies, loquimur quotidiè, & tam ancipiti pulmonum virtute, ut & Pulpita ad vigiliam, & Auditores ad somnum adigamus. Ad somnum? ad horrorem potius; tanto enim recentes hujus inusitati prodigii percussi sunt metu, ut verendum sit nè ad Pædagogos scripserint novitiam aliquam hæresin suppullulasse, Babylonicam Meretricem *in Rhetoricis Lenociniis esse redivivam, & in liberalibus Scientiis septicollem* Bestiam. *Ecquid amplius apud vos Papisticum? imo & quod pessimum est, noctu & interdiu horas Canonicas observare Procancellarium; quem non citius maximo cum honore nomino, quin eò deflectanda mihi videtur Oratio; cujus in laudes tam alacris est mea Rhetorica, ut si semel undarent lora, vereor quod habenas non audiret denuo. Quotus enim est patronus noster? qui homines alioquin somnolentos, tanquam matutinus Sol, radiis suis ad laborem suscitat; qui otiari in officio, ac dormire in aprico pudendum ratus, non modo ipse laborat, sed & nostri laboris est Artifex: ita eandem quam ipse exercet diligentiam felici contagione nobis affricat. Qui denique (& quod ego palmarium duco) modestiam meam, nimis*

difficilem, in hodiernum veſtrî obſequium rapuit. Veſtrî intelligo, Senatus ampliſſime; quibus quicquid ego Prælectoris ſum, refero acceptum; quorum neſcio an me Rhetorem elegerunt Judicia, aut Suffragia crearunt. Crearunt dico, & ſatis cum audaciâ repeto; tot enim & tam fœcundæ voces in unum congeſtæ, quem non Rhetorem feciſſent? Quod igitur fabulantur poetæ ad Pandoræ Natalitia univerſum Deorum Chorum fuiſſe à Symbolis, idem in Rhetorica mea, & unanimi veſtro aſſenſu, quaſi Epimuthion nactum invenietis. Quare quos Eloquentia, ſi quæ ſit mea, agnoſcit compatres, non dubito quin uſque habitura ſit ſuſceptores; ut eadem lubentiâ in aures veſtras reſiliat quâ facilitate pectorum profecta eſt. Non cauſabor in poſterum imbecillitatem meam, qui onus dediſtis, dediſtis humeros: & ut abſint cætera, ſatis erit virium ſub aquilâ veſtrâ militare. Refert Seneca *de puſillo & monogrammate (ut ita dicam) homuncŭlo, qui palæſtram auſus eſt deſcendere, quoniam pugiles multos & ſtrenuos ſervos domi aleret. Si ſervi tantum potuerint, ſi vicarii roboris confidentia infirmum herum commaſculare poſſit, quid Domini facient? Et ego in hunc literarium pulverem poſſum irruere, non Mercurio meo, ſed quoniam tam multos & tam facundos habeam Dominos. Non enim ad hoc officium deſignatus ſum à dextro*

aut

aut à lævo vulture, non à ſitellâ aut ſortibus, non ab imperito vulgo, vel (quod idem eſt apud Perſas) *hinniente equorum armento, ſed à Senatu veſtro, ſcilicet (ut ſobriè audax poſſum dicere) ab œcumenico literarum concilio. Quid enim non infra erit eorum dignitatem, quibus Artes omnes pro ſatellitio, & conjuratæ veniunt ad Clientelam Scientiæ? Impos hîc ſui Rhetorica, & laudes veſtras nè anhelâ quidem eloquentiâ adæquare poteſt. Parcite, Auditores, ſi vos frequens compellem; ita enim ſubduxi mecum rationem ad agendum, ut ubi vos nominaverim, Troporum affatim, abundè Figurarum. Quod igitur artis Memoriæ Profeſſores ſolent per ea, quæ ſunt ſibi ante oculos poſita, alia quæcunque memoranda ſignificare; idem Auditores meos edoctos velim, ut in vos ora & obtutus figant, ut hunc Metonymiam, illum Hyperbolen, univerſam multitudinem pro continuatâ figurarum Allegoriâ imaginati, omnes colores, omnia Orationis lumina, integram denique Rhetoricæ Supellectilem per quandam oculorum Metaphoram ad ſeſe transferant. Jamque, Auditores, cum eò deventum ſit, ut vos omnes in volumen quoddam Rhetoricum compegerim, recipio in poſterum me lecturum: In præſens aliquid de Rhetoricâ dicendum cenſeo; neque enim tam fœlix Argumentum, quale vos reputo, priùs reliquiſſem, quàm in-*

dividuis præconiis vos & Rhetoricam ſemel ſimulque commendare. Ferunt Demoſthenem, *optimum licet Rhetorem, non potuiſſe pronunciare nomen Rhetoricæ. Quæ* Demoſthenis *fuit impotentia, eſt Rhetoricæ modeſtia, quæ licet apud omnes laudatiſſima ſit & multi nominis, titulos tamen ſuos erubeſcat proloqui. Quid igitur ego quàm ut veterem illum medelæ modum imitarer? lapides aliquos in os injiciam, quos niſi favor veſter, plus quam Chymicus in precioſos verterit, indigni erunt qui in auribus veſtris tam diſertis pendeant. Age igitur Rhetorica, explica virtutes tuas, quæ Logicæ, Philoſophiæ cæteriſque tuis Sororibus illicem facundiæ hederam ſoles præfigere. Si tibi in eodem deeſſes officio, quid aliud quam foris ſaperes, domi inſanires? Atque hinc quàm optimè Rhetoricæ encomium auſpicari poſſum, quòd nativa ſit ejus Pulchritudo, cum in cæteris nil niſi emptitium fucum deprehendas. Scitum eſt illud* Phrynes Thebanæ *Commentum, quæ cum Convivio inter æquales adeſſet, & probè jam ſaturatæ omnes ludis operam darent; Lex lata eſt, ut quicquid facto præiret quævis, ſubſequerentur cæteræ. Ubi ad* Phrynes *vices deventum eſt, poſcit aquam, faciem lavat, quod cum cæteræ pro imperio Legis feciſſent,* Phryne *pulchrior, ut quæ ſordes eluerat, deformes cæteræ, ut quæ fucum deter-*

ſerant

ſerant, apparuere. Huc ſumma redit denique, Autographa eſt Rhetoricæ venuſtas, quæ in cæteris eſt tralatitia. Fictitii ſunt aliorum vultus, cum neſciat Rhetorica qualis ſit illa nova Proſopopœia. Cæteræ quidem Scientiæ Magnates ſunt Dominæ; ſed tanquam Dominæ facies ſuas è Rhetoricæ Pyxide mutuantur. Ut reliquas taceam; Quid Logica citra Rhetoricam? Contractus ille pugnus ad colophos magis accommodus, quam ad aures demulcendas; ubi verò in palmam Rhetoricæ extendatur, non opus eſt ut dicam quantum potuerit, cum frater meus Logicus exemplo ſuo nuper oſtenderit. Quæ igitur alias Artes laudibus ſuis deaurare ſolet, æquum eſt ut ſuis ſuperbiat, quæ (tanquam Daniſta) Elegantiam ſuam foris locat uſurariam, iniquum eſſet ſi non ipſam ſortem cum ampliſſimo fœnore reciperet; quanquam quidem Rhetorica non tam facultates ſuas fœnori apponit, quàm, tanquam Miſſilia, in Scientiarum plebem Regina diſſeminat. Hactenus quàm dives Rhetorica in alienis loculis, nunc videamus quàm opulenta ſit in ſuis. Quod ut facilius fieret, utinam Theſaurarius ejus Cicero reviviſceret; qui ſi toties de Rhetorica ſua, quoties de Conſulatu gloriatus eſſet, & æque indefeſſum argumentum habuiſſet, & mitiùs ob ſuperbiam vapularet. Hic ille Atticæ Helenæ Rivalis, hic Palladii Græci Ulyſſes; hinc illæ Philo-

ſophi lachrymæ Rhetoricam è Græcia *tranſmiſſuram. Quod enim* Antonio Athenas *proficiſcenti Cives* Minervam *ſuam deſponſarunt; ideoque pro adulationis pœna Talentum, quaſi pro dote, coacti ſunt numarare: idem in* Cicerone *plenius ac vellent eveniſſe conſtat; qui ubi Athenis ſtuduit, Rhetoricam, præſidem Civitatis Deam, Uxorem duxit; & ubi à Pyræo ſolveret, omnem ejus dotalem ornatum ſecum in* Italiam *tranſmiſit. Euge redux* Cicero. *Salvete in* Tuſculum Athenæ. *Opima magis ſpolia quam terna illa Jovi Feretrio conſecrata. O qualis fuit* Ciceronis *copia! Qualis ejus dicendi* Tyberis! *imo* Romanus Nilus! *Quantum enim ejus Eloquentia excrevit, vel deferbuit, tantum fœcunda vel ſterilis, fœlix vel miſera extitit* Italia. *Quot ille Coronas ob Cives, quot ob Provincias defendendas meruit? qui cum duos parricidio liberaret* Roſcium & Popilium, *ob unum in æternum debuit vivere, teſte omnium optimâ Oratione: ob alterum mori, idque* Popilii *manu, in ejus cæde parricidium conf ſſi. Hic tamen* Cicero *Facundiæ Sponſus; hic (pace* Bruti *dixerim) Romanorum Rex; hic, pluſquam* Cæſar, *perpetuus Dictator, ut divinum Rhetoricæ numen ſacro quondam horrore agnoſceret, in Orationum primordiis ſingultiit, ut ludit* Comicus, *vitavit Sorbillo. Vetus obtinuit Superſtitio,*

ut

ut ubi Luna pateretur Eclipſin, armorum ſtrepitus, vel quilibet alius clangor parturienti (ſic enim credebant) Numini obſtetricari poſſit. Ubi laborat Res-publica, ubi deliquium paſſura eſt Patria, intercedit Rhetorica ut Lucina Juno, *& ſuaviſſimo tonitru tumorem ſedat. Tumultuatur Plebs, ſecedit in* Janiculum. *Ecquis prodit* Jupiter *Stator? Ecce Rhetor* Agrippa, *qui Fabulæ cujuſdam de ventre & membris tintinnabulo fugitivum apum examen ad præſepe redegit. Tantum Artificis valet habitus oris.* Senecam *dum audiret* Nero, *quis æquavit ejus quinquennium? Ita facundus ſenex inſidiatur* Tyranno, *& animum ejus ad vitia proclivem furtivâ Rhetoricâ in virtutem prodit, ſanctiſſimè reus Majeſtatis. Neque enim Reges aut Imperatores Rhetoricæ jugum ſubterfugiunt. Tonat Rhetorica? fruſtra ſub lecto cubat Teſtudo* Caligula. *Fulgurat Rhetorica? incaſſum lauro circundatur* Tiberius, *nec in iſto circulo ſecurus. Duplex enim eſt Rhetoricæ Genius; bonus, qui innocentes præmiis afficit, & malus, qui ſceleratos exagitat; tam ſubtilis tamen eſt ejus Suada & hujus terror, ut tanquam fulmen terebrans, ſalvis corporum vaginis ipſas animas liquefaciat. Quid ego vobis* Craſſos, Curios, Lœlios *proponam? quorum illuſtrium Rhetorum tam numeroſa ſunt apud Hiſtoriam Exempla; quam apud nos nulla:*

nam

nam ſiqua ſit exilis & ſtrigoſa Oratio, ſine ſanguine, ſine anima; ſententiis ad tertium lapidem porrectis, hæc (ſi placet) eſt Ciceroniana. *Pudendum nominis Sacrilegium! & cujus in vindictam miror facundos manes non rejurgere novas ſcripturos* Philippicas. *Sed ecce alius* Ciceronis *inſons! qui perſpicuum & ſimplicem peroſus ſtylum implicitè loquitur & in ænigmate, ac ſi* Perſii *Carmina in Proſam Orationem per modum Anagrammatis reſolveret: anxiæ ineptiæ! & quæ neminem Oratorem præter* Sphingem *Monſtrum, neminem Auditorem præter Oedipum admittunt.* Tertius *prodit uterque neuter, qui ambabus ſellis ſedet, qui omnia dicendi genera experitur; cujus Oratio tanquam multiformis* Luna *ſecundùm varias mutat Quartas; modò gibboſa, modò falcata, plena, ſemi-plena, ac ſi Rhetorica* Metempſychoſin *quandam inſtituerit, per omnes ſtylos pervagata. Ubi interim Muſarum Caſtitas? Adulter eſt ille Stylus, qui rem habet cum pluribus, & maxima Oratoris laus eſt æquum & integritas. Sed proh ſtupor! Egone ut Rhetoricæ encomia moliar, & Oratorem noſtrum publicum cui omnes aſſurgunt, prætermittam? cujus nomen cum* Demoſthene *triplicare, eſt Rhetoricam ex omni parte definire. Peregrinatur in aliis Rhetorica, hîc Incola eſt, non Hoſpes unde non magis illam divellas quàm Solem è Cœlo,*

Juſtitiam

Juſtitiam a Fabricio. Ille decus ſuæ & dolor noſtræ Gentis, qui cum Orator ſit & Græcus Profeſſor, pari jure quo Cæſar, *Conſules, nominari poteſt Academiæ Oratores. Ille enim verus Orator qui Ambidexter, in quo binæ linguæ unum eloquentiæ trahunt jugum. Refert* Seneca *de quodam, qui cum bis declamaſſet in eodem die, Græcè, & Latinè, & ſciſcitaretur quidam (ut curioſum ſumus Literarum genus) quomodo peroraſſet, reſponſum tulit, benè & κακῶς, benè Latinè, perperam Græcé. Dictum non magis lepidum & rotundum quàm hodiéque verum; quàm multi enim ſunt Literati* Ἀγράμματοι; *Quot Eloquentes* Νήπιοι; *Plures* Cicerones *(pauci licet) quàm* Demoſthenes. *Incipiat ſanè Rhetorica à Latinis, ſed adoleſcat in Græcis.* Græcia *à* Latio *mutuetur Calendas; ſed Nonas, ſed Idus apponat ſuas: qui enim in ſolis Latinis eſt exercitatus, eſt* Polyphemus *monoculus, pene dixerim* ὄυτις *Rhetoricus. Poſſem, Auditores, ad Cathedram aſcendere, & ibi etiam quomodo Rhetorica pro Tribunali ſedeat, demonſtrare; ſed pinge duos angues, ſacer eſt locus: vel ſi fas eſſet laudes ejus attingere, attingere tamen eſt Religio: ita enim in illo divino Profeſſore conturbavit prodiga Rhetorica, ut nè unciam habeat unde cum poſteris pro labore & vigiliis ſuis decernat. Huc uſque eminus quaſi verba feci; tem-*

pus

pus eſt ut cum auditoribus meis cominus agerem: Moris enim eſt librum nominare, & ſic pro hoc anno ſatisfeciſſe. Sed illud quicquid eſt muneris reliquum, in Termini proximè incuntis exordium differam; ubi tamen ſpero Auditores meos non affutores; nam ſi nullo alio modo vos deterrere poſſum, legam Arabicè. O invidendam Prælectoris ſolitudinem! cujus in Individuo, cœleſtem admodum, univerſa ſpecies Arabica, quantum ad nos ſpectat, conſervatur. Quod ſi meis ingratiis Auditores adſint, & Ego contra me ſiſtam Rhetorem, uterque agemus quod noſtrum eſt, uſque vobis grati erimus. Rhetoricæ & honori veſtro pariter incumbemus; ita enim commodum noſtrum & obſervantia veſtri mutuo nexu alligantur, ut quo quiſque erimus magis Rhetores, eò Munificentiæ veſtræ magis memores.

Oratio

Oratio habita in Scholis Theologicis, cùm Moderatoris partes ageret.

QVæ cum ita ſint, Auditores, liceat tandem perorare, Piladi dabo ut hodie inſaniam, & tum finitus Oreſtes. *Quod Reges ſolent, ubi ſatietas illos mundi ceperit,* Cœnobium *intrare ut ſeipſos dediſcant; perinde de noſtro ingreſſu in haſce Scholas judicate. Penitet noſtræ nugacis facundiæ, & in ſeveriori hujus loci genio remedium quæro. Nec tamen ſum ex illorum numero qui ſapiunt in gratiis, qui gravitatem complectuntur, ut continentiam Senes, qui cum ulterius peccare nequeunt, reſipiſcunt. Spadonum eſt hæc virtus; ingenia caſta, quoniam non maſcula; ac ſi Statuta noſtra, ſicut Turcarum Mulieres, non alios agnoſcerent Cuſtodes præter Eunuchos. Pudet hæc opprobria nobis dici. Sunt qui ingenio ingenium debellant, qui ex ferratis* Stymphalidum *pennis deſumunt ſpicula, quibus ipſas aves, vivas illas pharetras, interficiunt. Hujuſmodi cum audiam Tripodum Oracula, & ambiguos Vates, exemplo præeuntes ingenium, quod Orationibus inſectantur. Video Catonem ſui ipſius lacerantem viſcera; Video* Demoſthenem *proprio Calamo pereuntem. Ad quid autem, dicit aliquis, hiſpida*

hæc

hæc rerum facies? Ergóne defluet comptior Eloquentia, ut barbæ ſqualloꝛ dominetur? Abſit omen! Regnet quidem Gravitas, ſed citra ſtriatam frontem & Vultûs Tyranni-dem, *nè ſit inſtar* Sileni Alcibiadis, *ita intùs Numen ut extùs appareat* Demogorgon. *Qui in Oratore odit fœminæ mollitiem, faſtidit magis agreſtes villos; qui denudat aures Rhetoricis cincinnis, extirpat radicitus genarum ſentes: Neque enim illi accedo, qui conſultus de optimo Rhetore reſpondit Statuta Academiæ. Liber noſter non ſtat in catenis reus eloquentiæ criminis, ſed tanquam* Tyrius Apollo *ideo conſtringitur, nè ſuam gravatus ſervitutem mutaret Dominum. Facilis à libro ad Reſpondentem tranſitio, quos cum ambos ſimul cogitem, neſcio an gemellos rectè nominarem. Gemelli; corpora ſi reſpicias ſunt unius Divortium, ſi animas unio duorum, quaſi vulnus à Natura factum amore mutuo erat coiturum. O quam ſtudet illam Naturæ Diæreſin reſarcire, qui cum libro non indulſerit Naſum; prohibere tamen nequit quin typis mandetur! ea enim eſt ejus cum literis communio, ut literato ejus cumulo vel hunc unicum librum addere, erant qui ſuperfluum credidere. Vultis omnia? tam eruditus eſt noſter Reſpondens, ut vereor ne tanquam* Cataphractus *miles, onuſtus potius, quàm munitus literis videatur. Sed incaſ-*

ſum

ſum ego molior; ſurge tui ipſius Encomium; ego enim (tanquam pictum velum, aut expanſum carbaſum) ſpectaculum policeor; tuum eſt, Scaligeri *verbo, monſtrum perfectionis oſtendere.*

Oratio

Oratio prior habita in Scholis Juridicialibus, Domino Doctore *Littleton* Respondente.

UNicum noſtrum & captivum librum cum eodem obtutu quo numeroſa tua conſpiciam volumina, neſcio quin diſparis noſtræ conditionis luculenta Icon *videatur. Me quod ſpectat Eruditionis noſtræ modulum ſatis unus, ſatis nullus liber repræſentat; cum tua grandiora merita vix integra complecti poſſit Bibliotheca. Ad quid autem librorum tantum; ubi magis eſt literarum? Veteris picturæ fuit opprobrium quòd hîc Canis, fuit adſcriptum, cum viva effigies (tanquam præco domeſticus) ſeipſam interpretetur. Credimus te literatum, non propter Authorum, ſed propter tuiipſius teſtimonium. Optimus Nomenclator imaginis eſt loquax artificium. Propria virtus, non farrago librorum te honeſtabit, & unicus tuus Orator erit Reſpondens. O quam ſuperbit Alma Mater, quæ frequentem nuper enixa ſobolem in te uno duplicavit numerum! Refert de patre quodam Hiſtoria, qui inter filios diviſurus bona, primo tantum tribuit, &* Lucium *cohæredem facit; tantum ſecundo, &* Lucium *addit; tertio tantum, & uſque* Lucium *fortunæ ſuæ rivalem: cumque*

cumque in qualibet cerâ ſcripſiſſet Lucium, *hoc addit Elogium,* Lucius *& Fratres ſunt Gemini. Quid aliud Gemini quàm Naturæ æquilibrium? quæ cum unum fratrem reliquos Triumviratûs regulâ, adæquare faciat, Quò tum te creavit virtus? Multiplex es in tuis Fratribus, & quaſcunque laudes illi meruerunt, tu naſceris particeps. Certè ſi te unum tantum peperierit Academia, multos ſimul pariat neceſſe, ut duos dicatur peperiſſe. Neque tamen de Fratrum copia deſperandum eſt; ſi enim parturienti Academiæ, ut laboranti Lunæ, ſtrepitu & ſono obſtetricandum ſit, nullum facilius quam Juridicorum erit puerperium. Crederem equidem vel in ipſo utero litigare velle ut citius naſcerentur. Hinc eſt quod tam univerſa prodit* Cadmi *ſeges, ut malè metuone vix ſatis ſit litium ad omnes alendos. Quod ſi bono fato contigerit, armatæ ariſtæ ſe metent invicem & (piſcium ad inſtar) ubi præda deficit, vorabunt mutuò. Liciat mihi,* Themidos *Magnates, Cauſidicorum vulgus paulum perſtringere, ut veſtra magis internoſcantur merita: cumque aliàs modeſtia veſtra non patiatur, in ænigmate ſaltem adulari liceat. Subdola furium ſcientia hanc inter reliquas excogitavit fallaciam. Fures duo à jurgiis auſpicati pugnam ſimulant, capita pro mutuâ Colophorum libidine probè demulcent, quod cum confertus hinc illinc populus ſpectatum prodeat, uſque præli-*

antur bellicasi Aucupes, dum à Collegis suis turbæ commixtis, singulorum marsupia pertunduntur. Non in vestram peccabo dignitatem, si nubat hæc Similitudo. Sunt & in vestra gente Cauponantes belli, qui ita disputant, ut quæstionem in alienis loculis inveniant, & (quod pessimum est) in illis exercitiis nullum agnoscunt moderatorem. Ludiones sunt qui ob mercedem pugnant, vestra Disputatio sola retinet liberalitatem scientiæ. Sed Infans encomium addendo detrahit; laudare quod satis nequis est sacrilegium admittere. Age igitur, Doctissime Vir, & Disputatio vestra quæ præcidit mihi Orationis progressum, suo indicio, & vestris radiis magis eniteat.

Oratio

Oratio posterior, eodem Respondente.

DE Gallis *dicitur quod primus plusquam virorum impetus, secundus minor sit quam fœminarum. Digni profectò qui ab Uxoribus suis vapularent milites, cum (tanquam meticulosi lepores) fortitudinis suæ sexum mutent. Non tu hujusmodi* Tyresias Gallicus, *ut virilis anima sit degener in fœminam, & novissimæ hebdomadæ fortis Disputatio subsidat hodiè in sequiorem. Eccum vobis, Auditores optimi, eundem Respondentem! virtutem parem! noster* Hercules *non Ancillam induit, nec nobilis ille clavæ terror ad humile ministerium Coli emasculatur.* Cestius *Rhetor ita sibi & Eloquentiæ suæ supervixit, ut discipulus ejus per cineres perorantis* Cestii *juraret. Quotusquisque est qui suum ipsius stat Monumentum, cujus vigor igneus in flebile frigescit marmor, idem Eruditionis Cadaver & Sepulcrum? Secus tua divina virtus, quæ æmulos prius superare contenta, nunc audaci conatu seipsam molitur; quæ cum alios ita nuper vinceret, nunc ipsam Victoriam captivam ducet. Hoc habet quilibet generosus animus, ut ne Solstitium patiatur, tantum abest ut agnoscat Tropicum. Præstat*

æternùm fuiſſe claudum, quam tandem retrogradum. Malo Mulier eſſe quam Eunuchus. Malo naſci quam fieri ignavus. Priſtinæ igitur virtutis memor iterum deſcendis in pulverem, & priori gloriâ, tanquam optimo tubicine, redaccenſus inſtauras prælium. Proinde à Majoribus noſtris cautum eſt, ut duos actus præſtarent Juridici; abſque enim vobis & veſtris litibus dualis numerus non eſſet inventus. Hinc eſt quod ſemel tantum reſpondeat Theologus, ut quos veſtra jurgia duos effecerint, ejus Pietas reduces faciat ad unitatem. Si Theologia & Medicina cum Juriſprudentiâ de forma concertarent, tam turbida eſt Facultas veſtra, ut, me Paride, veſtrum eſſet Pomum Diſcordiæ. Sterileſcit hoc anno Medicina, ut quæ ſatis novit quod ingruente bello, citra Medicorum opem mori poſſumus. Deficit Medicina, redundat Facultas veſtra, neque mirum tamen quod binos alat ubere fœtus, cum ad Artis veſtræ mulctram nos humanum pecus toties veniamus. Gens Amazonum alteram mammam ſolet exurere, ut ad præliandum magis ſit accommoda; ambas habet Juriſprudentia, & tamen plus quam Amazon eſt bellicoſa. Qui ſolet omnia duplicare Bacchus *à Poetis fingitur bis natus; duplex actus te peperit geminum. Ecce tibi* Jovis *& Patris mixtura dulcis, qui diſputationis fulmine te primum genuit, in amoris fe-*

mur

mur nunc recondet. Epaminondas *moriturus, cum ejus orbitatem defleret quidam, nihil de tam egregiâ ſtirpe reliquum fuiſſe:* Leuctram & Mantinæam, *duas pulcherrimas filias ſe reliquiſſe dixit.* *Quid aliud tua diſputatio gemina quam* Leuctra & Mantinæa? *pulchræ quidem filiæ, quas ita deſponſatas ſibi velit poſteritas æmula, ut qui in futurum ſeculum erit doctus, erit Gener tuus. Age igitur, & fortiter; cavendum enim eſt ab* Achillis *fato qui uſque fuiſti invulnerabilis, in Diſputationis calce occidaris.*

Oratio itidem habita in Scholis Juridicialibus, cum Moderatoris partes ageret.

CVm vos intuear, Juriſpiritûm Par, ſimulque reductis introrſum oculis imperitiam meam, Areopagum *eſſe in hiſce Scholis duplex argumentum invenio, veſtram in agendo ſolertiam, & noſtras judicandi tenebras. Fabula de Capro inter duos Arietes cursûs arbitro, & ab hinc illinc procurrentibus utrinque contuſo; fabula inquam hæc utinam eſſet fabula, nec in Moderatore veſtro hodiernum nacta* θαυμάσιον. Saturni *ætas ſælix magis, quod innocens, an miſera quod nullis Legibus inſtituta, digna vobis quæſtio. Gratulor quidem ego primævum ſcelus; qui primus deliquit, primus* Solon & Lycurgus *fuit, ita Ciconiæ ad modum vitæ damno Jura peperit, & tanquam Autographus* Draco, *ſuo ſanguine Leges ſcripſit. Mehercule peccandi Inventio, quæ Leges introduxit cujus qui primus Author extitit, tanto beneficio redemit ſcelus, ut facinus infra gloriam fuiſſe videatur. Nec veſtra unius populi; ſed Gentium ſuperbia eſt Juriſprudentia, cujus in clientela Nationes omnes & Provinciæ florent, & de Juris Civilis ac de Solis communione univerſa*

ſæ participant. Inſulas, Urbes & ſingula Geographiæ fruſta Jus Municipale occupat, cum Civile univerſum Orbem complectatur, & Regiones, ut ut diſſitas, ſub tamen ſub ditione fœderatas, vel invitâ Naturâ, jubet coaleſcere. Britannos *ipſos, quos cum altero Orbe in bilance quadam Natura poſuit, Jus Civile (tanquam* Iſthmus *quidam) conciliat, & jugali quadam ſocietate connectit. Neque magis Orbem Jus veſtrum colligit, quam illud alterum dividit & articulatim comminuit. Eſt (quam vellem dixiſſe fuit!) leguleiorum genus, quos artem neſcias an pulmones profeſſos; qui ambiguitate vocis abuſi, Forum in Emporium mutant, ubi quid vendant ſat ſuperque norint, qui tanti emunt pœnitere. Quid turbæ eſt apud Forum? Quid illic homines litigant, qui ita clangant, ac ſi cum Proavis ſuis Capitolium defenderent? Advertas modo, & audias Damonis Caprum à Cauſidico quodam pari clamore quo olim ſurreptum; multum latrante* Lycilca *repetitum. Sed quid ego illos perſtringo, quos veſtra cœlitus dilapſa ſcientia ipsâ comparatione ſatis arguit? Satis per ſeipſam ſplendet veſtra purpura, ut ne alieno rubore indigeat. Quod meum igitur eſt, Judex aſſurgo, vultis, & qualis? qui cauſam neſcio. Ais? Aio: Negas? Nego; tam dubia eſt noſtra Moderatrix* Trutina, *ut ne pulvis ſculum habeat Do-*

trinæ qui vel hanc, vel illam prægravabit sententiam. Agite igitur Themidos *Supreme. Flamen, tuque inferior Mysta, & dum vos tanto litetis Numini, ego (tanquam* Cereris *Arcano) sacro excipiam silentio; neque enim alio consilio huc ascendi, quam quo* Philippi *puer, ut Argumenta vestra, si prolixiora, mortalitatis suæ admonerem.*

Ad

Ad Archiepiſcopum Cantuarienſem.

QVos ad Aram *veſtram impulit prius Hoſtium malitia, eò Numinis bonitas allexit denuò. Supplices qui primum acceſſimus, grati jam redimus; & ubi* Aſylum *habuimus, eò Sacrificium reportamus, ſed quantum thuri noſtro diffidimus, ubi te* Jovem *Statorem cogitamus? Beneficium quidem veſtrum ſeriò gratulamur, ſed & dolemus pariter; cujus magnitudo gratias in tantum provocat, ut nos ad ingratos neceſſe damnet: enimvero nos indigni qui ſimus grati.* Edvardus & Elizabetha *Virginei Reges conjugantur in gratiis; quorum munera ſuam ex traduce Caſtitatem non conſervaſſent, niſi quod Patrocinio veſtro à ſacrilego raptu vindicarentur. O quam fidelis erit ille erga Regem ſuum, cujus pertinax Pietas cineres Regios demeretur! Quam avida interim humanitas veſtra, quæ non niſi tribus ſeculis contenta! quæ retro ævum intuetur, ut in futurum proſpiciat; quæ ad Proavos noſtros ideo recurrit ut majori cum impetu ad Nepotes proſiliat. Ut Gratitudo igitur noſtra coætanea ſit beneficiis veſtris, qui tres ætates beas, tertiam hominum ætatem vivas. Gratulamur igitur Patronum noſtrum, quem dum gratu-*

lamur

lamur fuiſſe, uſque gratulamur fore: quicquid enim gratiarum hodierni Clientes non abſolvimus, poſteris adimplendum relinquemus,

Dominationi veſtræ

maximè obnoxii

22. *Febr.* 1637. Magiſter & Socii

Coll. D. J.

Ad

Ad Epiſcopum Lincolnienſem.

Reverende Præſul;

Literas veſtras ad Doctorem datas, & ad nos tanquam hæredes ſecundæ ceræ delatas, ut amoris veſtri clementiam gratulamur! Conſulto ſiquidem Amplitudinis tuæ refringis radios, priuſquam ad imbellem noſtram aciem pervenirent. Solem in unda ſpectamus faciles, quem in orbe ſuo non ſine lippitudine ſuſtinemus. Quæ fuit ſcribendi; utinam eadem eſſet reſponſi methodus, ut excuſatione ad alium traduce peteremus veniam, & vicario rubore delictum noſtrum fateremur. Quanquam ſi penitius cauſam excutias, peccamus magis quod deprecamur, & majori obſequio rebelles fuimus, quàm morigeri eſſemus. Quid enim aliud eſt peregrinum aſciſcere quam ſanguinem veſtrum exhæredem facere. Collegium mater abdicat ſuos, ſi adoptet alienos. Si Tros Tyriusque *nullo diſcrimine,* Tyrius, *vel in propriis penatibus erit inquilinus. Ergóne degener tandem veſtra familia, & deſiderat indigenas honoribus pares. Erubeſcendum opprobrium! & dignum quod tantus* Mecænas *experiundo refutaret. Habet igitur quod imputet Collegium, non quod defendat; ſi enim in hoc peccet, quod ſobolem*

lem ſuam habeat chariſſimam, juſſu naturæ peccat, veſtris peccat ſub auſpiciis: pertinaciori enim amplexu fovet filios, quia fratres tuos: Fratres dicimus, & ſatis cum ſuperbia repetimus, ita enim cura veſtra profitetur Patrem, amor Fratrem; ut non Oedipus *majori cum ænigmate ſceleratus fuerit, quam tu pius Matris Maritus, & Fratrum Pater. Veneramur igitur Patris & Fratris mixturam dulcem. Solvimus quas debemus gratias & magis debemus ſolutas. Eſt beneficii Mantiſſa gratias admittere, præſertim noſtras, quales receptas in damno potes deputare,*

Quos Paternitas veſtra

habet mancupì

Magiſter & Seniores

Coll. D. *Joan.*

Dat è Coll. D. Joan. 16. *die* Aprilis, 1641.

Ad

Ad Epiſcopum Lincolnienſem tunc temporis è carcere laxatum.

CVjus laborantes fortunas pari animorum deliquio diu expreſſimus, ne graveris ſi ejus redivivo jubare experrecti triumphemus: hodie enim eſt quod vivimus poſtliminio, & in vindiciis honoris veſtri, quotquot ſumus, Virbii. Siquidem in mœrore veſtro, quid aliud fuit vita noſtra quam nocturno lucubratio, & occidenti tuo ſuperesſe quam ingratiis Naturæ vivere? Sed ſalva res eſt. Reddidit diem redux Phoſphorus; & poſt tanta cum Aſtris jurgia, Collegium Mater jam tandem fatetur Cœlos. Incaſſum Tubas fatigarunt Veteres ut Eclipſin redimerent. Alma mater ſuſpiriis ſuis magis ſonoris profligavit veſtram; ſcilicet hic fuit fælicitatis veſtræ ſomnus, qui tantum abeſt, ut illam extingueret, ut reficiat potius & alacriorem reddat. Eccum tibi majorem mundum tuum ad exemplar compoſitum; vel (ſi mavis dictum) luce & tenebris diſtinctum! Sol ſi perpetuus ſplenderet, nec Aram, nec Myſtam haberet Perſicam. Enimvero caligantes oculi noſtri pacti ſunt inducias cum fulgore veſtro, quibus finitis ad priſtinum redit ſeipſum. Aſpicias qnæſumus Clientum nomina, & agnoſcas

tot radios à luminoso tuo corpore diffusos; nihil enim de nostro habemus. Percurras singulos, & videas teipsum exiliorem semper ad modum, sed modo plenius, modo angustius, pro variâ speculorum indole repercussum; atque hinc est quod Imaginem vestram, tanquam Collegii Palladium, inter Archiva recondimus; ut mater enixa sobolem ad picturam sistat, vultus comparet, & ita umbrâ vestrâ, plusquam splendore Phœbi; distinguat pullos. Gratulamur igitur vel nostro nomine novas hasce honorum induvias: Vivas in posterum fortunâ major. Ingens vester animus, tanquam illud æternum jecur, indignetur vulturem, quo magis consumitur, angeatur magis, & inter ipsos invidiæ molares crescat virtus. Ita vovemus,

Paternitati vestræ quam

5. *Decemb.* 1640. maximè obnoxii

Mag. & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Ad

Ad eundem jam factum Archiepiſcopum Eboracenſem.

USque & uſque quod gratulamur ſi moleſti ſimus, utinam indies creſceret peccandi materia. Pietas officii non metuit Cramben, ſed veſtri honoris æmula indignatur Non ultra. Quin placeat igitur noſtris in literis fortunas tuas ruminare, & prolixioris calami gutture (quod Philoxenus *gruino voluit) repetere dapum voluptatem. Neque retrò tantum gaudemus, prenſamus ſinciput, & in futurum gratulamur: providè factum & tempeſtivè; eò enim perrexit virtus veſtra, ut ſi paululum promoveat, humanos limites ſupergreſſus eris ineffabilis. At luxat nobis animos divinus horror, cum ſacra faturis eminus, & ſplendor veſter & ſublimitas obverſentur. Nictat Religio quæ veneratur Solem, & tremore Luminum fatetur Deum. Eadem eſt noſtra oculorum Conſcientia, qui radios veſtros non ſine viſûs crepuſculo ſuſtinemus. Nec minus ſublimitatem veſtram luimus; ſiquidem ſacrificantium Zelus, tanquam flamma Sacrificii, quò magis aſcendit, eò magis trepidat. Sed Optimus emollis Maximum. Clementia veſtra diſputat cum Amplitudine, & hac amiciſſimâ lite, (quaſi totius*

totius Naturæ puerperium) officium noſtrum eſt oriundum. Ignoſcimus Fatis immodeſtiam ſuam, quicquid adverſi contingit ut favoris inſidias imputamus. Scilicet recurrere videbantur fortunæ veſtræ, ut fortius proſilirent. Comprobavit exitus ingenium tommenti. Militans Eccleſia jam triumphat in promulſide; & fluctuans, ut olim Arca, tandem in montibus requieſcit. Non amplius Collegium Mater Canos lacerat, nec facie ſuâ computat miſerias. Muſæ, quibus vivere fuit Hyperbole, nunc audent vigere; quippe Altitudo veſtra (ut Niliaca Ægypti) *fertilitatem Literarum ominatur. Enimvero cum Aſtra ſint fœlicitatis noſtræ condi-promi; quid eſt quod à Superis non expectemus, Patrono noſtro in hac Syderum vicinia collocato? Orandus igitur es, Archi-Præſul Digniſſime, ut ambitionem noſtram ſerò ſiſteres, ut honores veſtros ſubinde catenares, & cum ſupremum fortunæ gradum conſcenderis nec dum terminetur Climax veſtra, Cœlum ſupereſt.*

Dominationi veſtræ

Decemb. 12.
1641. Devotiſſimi Mag. & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Epiſtola

Epiſtola Gratulatoria ad Epiſcopum Dunelmenſem, qui in Bibliothecam *Johannenſem* ſæpius fuit Beneficus.

Reverende Præſul;

QVamvis ea ſit Liberalitatis veſtræ divina indoles, ut prodeſſe malit quam agnoſci, ea noſtræ Talionis paupertas quæ nec illam debita gratitudine metiri valeat, nolumus tamen donis laceſſiti alternas deſerere, ſed Amœbæo gratiarum obſequio humanitati veſtræ ſuccinere. Erubeſcimus quidem hunc imparem congreſſum, ubi tam frequentia volumina unico gratulatorio Indice colligimus; & quæ Bibliotheca vix capit, exiguis Epiſtolii pellibus arctare cogimur. Quotus enim es Mecœnas *noſter? Quam atavis erga nos beneficiis editus? qui ita annuus in teipſum redis, ita* ἐναυτὸς *beneficia repetis, ac ſi noviſſima quæque munera recentiori fulgore caſtigares. Quotuplicem igitur veneramur eundem Patronum? qui ut cæteris omnibus præripuit æmulationis ſecundas, ita nec ſibi ipſi concedit primas; ſed variatis ſubinde amoris indiciis ſeipſum vicit; nec diu erit quin ipſam victoriam captivam ducet. Eſuriens mo-*

do Theca noſtra ita benignitate veſtrâ extendit fauces, ut ſi qua hujuſmodi ſatius poſſet capi, à crapulâ propior quàm à fame abeſſet. Solvimus igitur quas debemus gratias, & uſque debemus ſolutas, dapibus tuis Helluones *accedimus; Libris & Honori veſtro pariter incumbimus; ita enim commodum noſtrum & obſervantia veſtri mutuo nexu alligantur, ut quo quiſque doctiores erimus, eò Munificentiæ veſtræ magis memores.*

Dominationi veſtræ quam

maximè devinctiſſimi

Mag. & Socii Seniores

Coll. D. J.

Ad

Ad eundem Epiſcopum Dunelmenſem.

Reverende Præſul, Mecœnas unice;

TAm frequentia ſunt erga nos beneficia veſtra, tam perpetuis Choreis in orbem acta, ut ducat ilia gratitudo noſtra, nec anhela tamen Liberalitati tantæ reſpondere poſſit. Literæ enim noſtræ quid aliud ſunt quam humanitatis veſtræ Echo? ita dimidiata loquuntur voce, nec niſi ultimas ejus ſyllabas poſſunt repetere. Quorſum autem meditamur gratias, quas ne impune uſquam egimus, quin nova ſubinde in vindictam ſurgit Munificentia. Nolumus tamen, nolumus inulti cedere, uſque rebelles in obſequio erimus, & quo unico tam divinam indolem ulciſci poſſumus, munera veſtra agnoſcemus. Deſponſaſti tibi Bibliothecam noſtram (ut Romanis *uſus) per coemptionem, quæ ſingulas librorum frontes mariti nomine inſcripta, tanquam victuro genio Poſteritati commendatur. Unum autem præ omnibus Amplitudini veſtræ debemus librum, illum volumus memorem Patronorum indicem, qui ſcriptus & in tergo, nec dum finitus, nomen tuum, ut utrâmque*

ejus paginam ſummâ cum lubentiâ recordatur

Paternitati veſtræ devotiſſimi

Magiſter & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Domino

Domino *Edvardo Littleton*, Sigilli Custodi.

Honoratissime Domine,

QVod fortunas vestras infimi homines eminus gratulamur, peccamus de industria, ut scias communem lætitiam inde perceptam, vel ad Reipublicæ talos descendisse, Caput ubi lauro circundatur, triumphant & pedes. Obtinet idem membrorum fœdus, ut quicquid tibi accedit decoris, illud ut nostrum gaudeamus: nec nostrum modò cum cæteris, habemus quod soli & citra rivales gloriemur. Cum enim pro humanitate quâ polles maximâ, Collegium nostrum non ita pridem inviseres (parce dicto cui vestra Comitas fecit fidem) adoptasse tibi Matrem videbaris; sed privatam superbiam intercepellat publica, & Gratulatio nostra ad Fauste Chorum est annectenda. Quæ ante fluitavit Delos Insula, nato Apolline *stetit immota; olim fabula, erit olim Historia. Reservavit se tibi fluctuans* Anglia *Tridente tuo componenda. Nec nobis diutiùs frangit animum Anteceſſoris fatum, quod in ignotâ arenâ jaceat* Palinurus; *alter erit jam* Typhis; *& decumana quæ illum absorpsit unda te propiùs ad Cœlos tollet. Blandius æquor nemo*

non facile moderatur, ut non niſi mare turbidum eſt periculum te dignum. Enimvero placent diſcordiæ hac mercede, ut conſilio tuo ſopiantur; tanti enim eſt veſtrum Regimen, ut majora pateremur. Macte igitur, Heros ter maxime, triplici omine, ut Militans Eccleſia te agnoſcat Scutum, nutans Academia Scipionem, Laborans Britannia *Statorem* Jovem.

Honori veſtro quam

maximè deditiſſimi

Magiſter & Socii

Coll. D. J.

Edvardo

Edvardo Herbert, Domino *Herbert* de *Cherbury*.

Honoratiſſime ex utroq; Domine,

QVod veſtras graviores curas importuno officio intercalamus, peccamus magis ſi deprecemur: rapis enim ad illud obſequium tui plenos, & tanto afflati numine videmur nobis non poſſe delinquere. Enimvero eadem nobis agendi gratias quæ tibi promerendi incumbit neceſſitas, & Gratitudo noſtra, ut ut audacior, in hoc ſaltem erit innocens, quod à Liberalitate veſtrâ ſuit tradux. Accepimus libros tuos & Tuos, geminos iſtos purioris Tuæ Minervæ *Filios. O quam (ut ne quid amplius) ſatentur Patrem! Beatæ, ad miraculum, Muſæ, quod intra Literarum declivia, cum Artium jugula moliatur Ætas, ipſe emineas Scientiæ Columen & Deſtina Veritatis. Libros dum legimus, legimus Unum Duos. Quàm pulchrè patriſſant Volumina! Quàm gemellos tuos Honores referunt! Scilicet, Bilix eſt veſtra Nobilitas, Literis & Stemmate intertexta.* Helicon *ſanguinis tibi fuit in venis, non minor eruditionis quàm Nataliuum Claritas. Amplectimur igitur hos Fratres in unum, & parentem ſuum ut Unum nobiles veneramur. Sed incaſſum gratias*

ties meditamur, quas magnitudo beneficii ita provocat, ut simul extinguat. Sic vidimus Solem ignem accendere, & fortiori radio sopire denuô.

Domine,

Honori vestro quam

Devotissimi.

Ad

Ad Doctorem *Newall.*

Digniſſime,

NEſcimus enim quali compellemus nomine, quem maternus Collegii amor ſcribit Filium, miſera mallet patronum, penes tuam erit benevolentiam, & Matrem agnoſcere, & Clientem reddere: Bibliotheca & Sacellum precantur à Symbolis, & jugali quadam calamitate veſtram attrahunt liberalitatem. O quam idoneum nactus es Argumentum, & doctum te profiteri & pium; nec in tuis ipſius virtutibus ſiſtere, ſed & noſtrarum Artificem eſſe! Age igitur, Mecænas *unice, & ubi divinam tuam benefaciendi indolem (cui nulla Epiſtola habet parem Suadam) perlegeris, nullus dubita quin uſque erimus, qui ſumus Munificentiæ veſtræ memores,*

Magiſter & Socii

Coll. D. J.

Ad

Ad Magiſtrum *Wandesforth.*

QVin & nos admittis ad hoc gaudii convivium? Commendat epulas rivalis Stomachus, quas ſolitaria quadra reddit inſipidas. Liceat nobis commenſales eſſe fælicitatis tuæ, & in communis Triumphi chorum accedere. Quorſum autem ſupplices eramus, quod jure noſtro poſſumus expoſcere? Ea gaudemus gratis quæ non ſolliciti ambimus: ubi vero vota nuncupavimus; ubi ſedulis precibus Candidati fuimus,, non immeritò victoriæ lætitiam arrogamus. Namque nupera eſt hæc voluptas noſtra; dudum eſt quod extiſpices egimus virtutum tuarum, & in illis meritis honores providimus ſecuturos. Nec dum clauduntur oculi: Mater Collegium uſque agit Sibyllam; *perge vaticinium fortunâ indies viridi comprobare; perge* Johannenſem *Genium agnoſcere; perge denique eò aſſurgere, ut Mater tua nequeat (quod Parentum erga Liberos conſpicilla præſtant) majori ſub ſpecie repreſentare filium. Sed ne nimii, ubi ſatis multi non poſſumus; inter virtutes tuos & recentes honores perpe-*

tuas

tuas vovemus nundinas, qui ſerio tibi hoc noviſſimum decus gratulamur,

Magiſter & Socii

Undecimo Calend.
Feb. 1637. Coll. D. J.

Ubi

UBi aurita ſatis eſt filii pietas, ibi vel taciæ matris eſt loquax paupertas, ita alacris gratitudo non expectat preces, ſed in alto ſilentio cognatæ audit ejulatum miſeriæ. Collegium quod veſtram lactavit adoleſcentiam, veſtra viciſſim deſiderat ubera, & quem in ſinu fovit juvenem, ætatis agnoſcit baculum, & parentes Scipionem; Bis perimus dum Squallorem repetimus, & aliis cogimur facere notius, quod ipſi neſcire malumus: primitiæ doloris noſtri Deo ſunt debitæ, eo ſcilicet anguſtiarum redigimur, ut Sacellum in Sacello quæramus, nec inveniamus tamen: Quod aliis igitur præſidii contigit, ut aram occupent, Sacellum ſibi interdictum dolet, niſi Elemoſynas quas ipſum erogare ſolet ab aliis accipiat? Habemus capſulam, penes te eſt ut dicamus Bibliothecam. O Quantum hoc mane noſtrum! tam Auguſta *domus, tam paucos inquilinos? Quam pulchrum eſſet araneas deturbare? Quam te dignum huic putamini congruum adaptare nucleum. Agat prout velit liberalitas veſtra, quod preſſius à nobis dictum fuit fuſius exponat, optimum*

mum enim ipſe Oratorem ages, & ſimul tibi quam maxime devincies:

Magiſtrum & Socios

Coll. D. J.

Vinum

Vinum eſt Poetarum Equus.

URbs Athenæ *cum fundaretur*, Neptunus & Minerva *litigarunt uter Civitatem haberet cognominem, pactum eſt ut qui majori beneficio humanum genus ditare poſſet, Urbem nominaret*; Neptumus *Equum*, Pallas *olivam produxit, unde victrix* Athenas *nominavit. Quod ſi meo judicio ſtetiſſet lis, ſi* Neptunus *talis Equi, qualis eſt vinum Author fuiſſet, dignus ſanè qui matri Academiæ dediſſet nomen. Vinum Equus, à cujus ungula dulcior fons quam* Hippocrene *ſcaturiit. Equus, qui plures alas ingenio addit quam* Pegaſus *ad volatile remigium accommodavit, qui labra proluit hoc fonte Caballino, non mirum ſi in proximo verſu Ebrius in bicipiti ſomniavit* Parnaſſo. *Vinum Equus, ſed qui ſeſſorem ſuum ſæpe excutit, & ad terram affligit, qui tanquam ille* Diomedis *herum ſuum devorat, Pitiſſant poetaſtri & longa quaſi arundine equitant, cum* Ennius *ipſe pater, nunquam niſi potus ad arma proſiliit dicenda.* Horatius *toties equitavit, ac ſi vinum tanquam* Bucephalus *neminem præter illum vectare debuiſſet. Denique ex hujus equi utero plures prodierunt Ingenii heroes quam ex* Trojana, *Vinum Equus, at Cervi-*

ſiæ

ſia Muſarum Mulus majori ex parte Aſinus, vel ſi Equus Succuſſor potius quàm tolutarius, quam non citius nomino quin ſtupidus obmuteſco. Sed tempus eſt ut Equus meus habenas audiat, huc uſque Equo veſtro paravi Ephippia, *tenui ſtupa, ut vos conſcenderetis: Unicum eſt quod ſingulos velim præmonitos, ea eſt hujus Equi ferocia, ut ſobrium illud* Phœbi *Conſilium ſit maturum, Parce puer ſtimulis & fortiùs utere loris.*

FINIS.